INTERVIEW:
Michael Ignatieff on Canada's place in a changing world

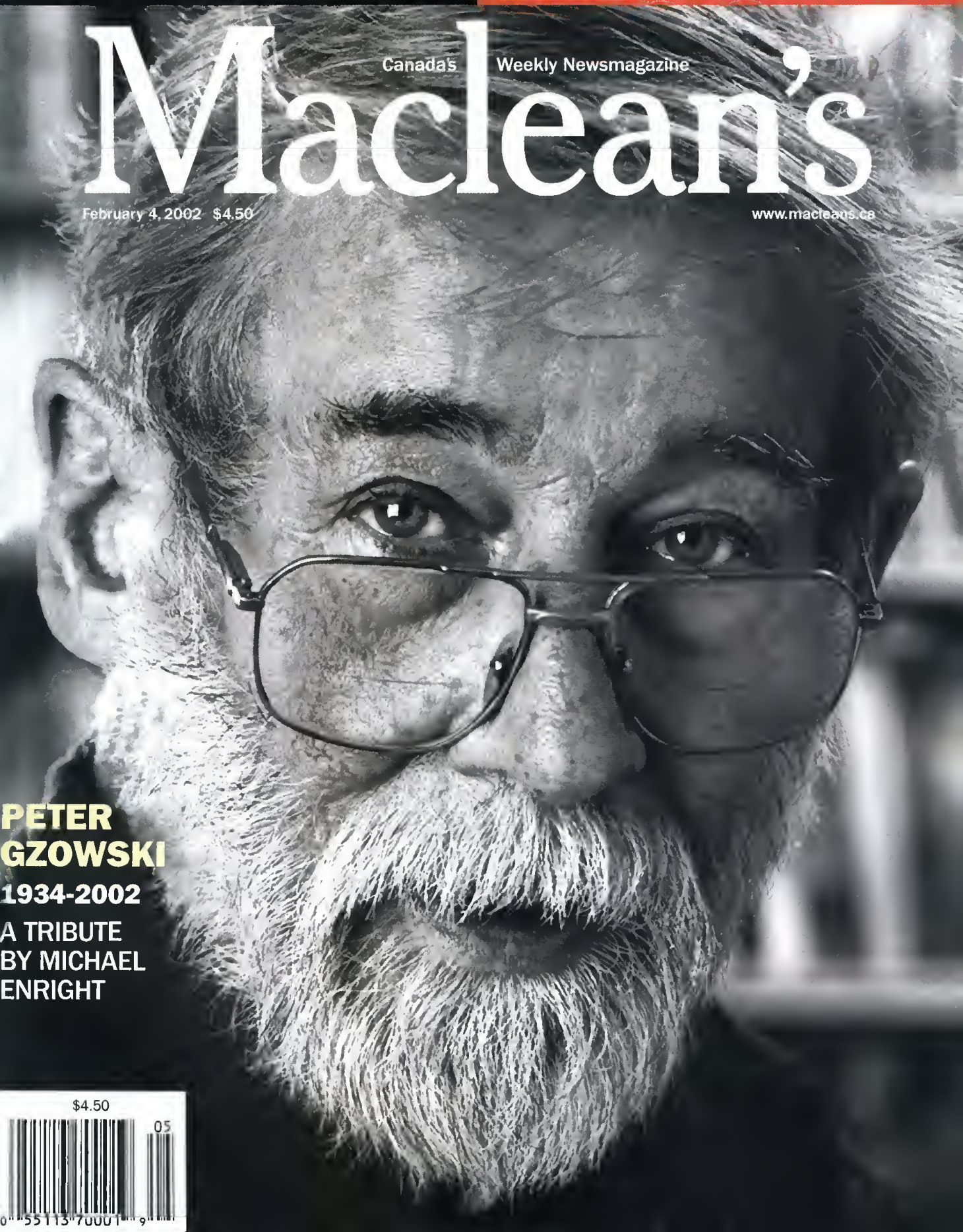
QUEEN OF CLEAN:
The Canadian who keeps the houses of Windsor well-preserved

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This Week

February 4, 2002 Vol. 115 No. 5



18 COVER | TRIBUTE

PETER GZOWSKI 1934-2002

Michael Enright recalls how Peter Gzowski and a young band of innovators shook up the moribund CBC and, with *This Country in the Morning* in 1971, changed the way radio was done and how Canadians listened to it.

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Cover photo by Jay von Tiedemann; photos this page: (top) Peter Bregg/Maclean's, (bottom) Ian Waldie/AP Archives; illustration for Maclean's by Alain Pilon

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From the
Editor

The world according to Gzowski

Two days after I was appointed editor last March, Peter Gzowski called. He was writing a newspaper piece about *Maclean's*, and wanted my thoughts. For me, the experience was a bit jarring: Gzowski, after all, starred as writer and managing editor during one of *Maclean's* greatest eras, the early 1960s, alongside other up-and-comers like Peter C. Newman and Robert Fulford. After our interview, Gzowski offered some blunt advice on things I should do. He said his suggestions—which I won't repeat—were things he should have done, but didn't, during an unhappy nine-month tenure as *Maclean's* editor starting in 1969.



City of the Gzowski family

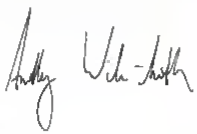
In 1964, he poured champagne, and left

That was vintage Gzowski—working strong views into conversation, with the impact lightened by self-mocking. That technique, with the stammering informality that masked a sharper edge, worked wonderfully on radio, and many tributes after his death last week—including Michael Enright's on page 18—focused on his mastery of the medium.

But *Maclean's* also claimed a significant part of Gzowski's life: he joined our staff in 1958 and wrote his last piece for us—an essay about Canada's North—in our July 1, 1999, issue. What's startling about Gzowski's early work for us is how well it still stands up. His writing reflects a breezy irreverance at odds with the mannered approach of most journalism then. Here, for one, is Gzowski in a 1966 piece entitled *The Sheer Boredom of CBC's News*, asking: "What's the difference between news and public affairs anyway? Only your television executive knows for sure. And what he—if he works for the CBC—seems to lose sight of is that the person they're both supposed to serve is the viewer."

Today, Gzowski's subject choices in the '60s can seem dated—such as the unease of French Quebecers with Confederation, or his fascination with Brian Mulroney and Pierre Trudeau. But in fact, those pieces showed exceptional foresight. Gzowski profiled both men before their rises—and tracked Quebec nationalism better than, and well before, almost every other Anglo journalist.

Gzowski, in early days, was more willing to let his tough side show. He was, he said of his earlier self in 1986, "a hotshot and probably an objectionable one." That doesn't mean his warmth on radio was a sham—he learned to reconcile different sides of his persona. "I'm tougher than I appear to be," he said in a 1988 interview with *Books in Canada* magazine, 'since my politeness doesn't necessarily mean that there's warmth underneath it. I think that the rougher the question, the more politely it should be asked." Peter asked his toughest questions of the biggest targets—reflecting his occasional impatience with journalism in general, the CBC, and, yes, *Maclean's* (he poured champagne when he quit in 1964), and, inevitably, with himself. He understood that he could best make sense of an ever-changing world by remaining true to himself. So he did.



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The Mail

'Til divorce do us part

I was 8 when my parents divorced ("The Happy Divorce," Cover, Jan. 21). My life changed drastically—for the better. Both my parents moved on to remarry. My father, stepmother and half-brothers would normally stay for dinner every second Sunday when they dropped me and my sister off at our mother and stepfather's home. My mother would occasionally babysit my half-brothers. I never thought of my home as "broken." I had two wonderful homes and one fabulous great, big family. I don't even want to imagine how messed up I might have been if my parents had stayed together. From a grown child's perspective, the best thing any parent can do is put aside bad feelings for the sake of the children.



Heather Ling, Ottawa

In 1977, when our sons were 7 and 9, my former husband and I decided to separate, with both of us wanting to share in parenting our children. The total cost of our "do-it-yourself divorce" was $65. It is gratifying that now, more than 20 years later, more lawyers and couples are promoting non-adversarial divorce. It has definitely worked for us and the main result is that our sons, now adults, have continued to have positive relationships with both of their parents.

Sheila Kaye, Victoria

I was delighted to see a hopeful article on improving marriage ("Marital fixes," Cover, Jan. 21). The good news is that there is help available for troubled relationships. The bad news is that therapists trained in these approaches tend to be clustered around Canada's major population areas. In addition, marriage therapy is usually not covered under provincial health plans or under employee benefits programs unless performed by a psychologist. Although successful therapies exist, they are not always available or affordable to couples in distress.

Robert B. MacIntyre, Orangeville, Ont.

Your article about breakup and make up was interesting indeed. The problems in the marriages described seem relatively minor—an isolated affair, nagging about housework, etc. I wonder if the same conciliatory approach would apply to marriages in which one partner is an addicted gambler or substance abuser. The damage those persons can inflict upon their spouses and children, it seems to me, is so severe that no amount of Emotionally Focussed Therapy could possibly help.

Brittlinger James, Toronto

Instead of waiting for crises to manage, we took a proactive approach and went on a marriage enrichment exercise. The Marriage Encounter program, for example, was beneficial and exciting. We highly recommend it for couples who are basically happily married but desire to grow deeper in their relationship.

Howard and Anne Holloway, Montreal

Arthritis drug wars

Dr. Jim Wright of the U.B.C. Therapeutics Initiative criticized the Arthritis Society for encouraging better access to Remicade and Enbrel ("Relief at a high price," Health, Jan. 21). However, to suggest, as Wright has, that the Arthritis Society is swayed by the pharmaceutical manufacturers, and that we are in a potential conflict of interest position, is false. I challenge Wright to find a rheumatologist (the real experts in arthritis research and treatment) who does not believe patients should have access to these medications for the treatment of moderate to severe arthritis. They are clearly the answer for so many people living with this crippling, immobilizing disease.

Denis Morrice, President and CEO,
The Arthritis Society, Toronto

As a pediatric rheumatologist who has cared for children with arthritis for 20 years, I take serious issue with Dr. Wright's advice to arthritis sufferers to "hold off if they can" from taking the new medications. Does that mean until they are no longer able to work or go to school? Until they require narcotics for pain? Or does that mean until they require major surgery to replace damaged joints? Your article writes about standard medications: "although they all have side-effects, their success rates are well-established." So are the failure rates, and they are unacceptably high. As physicians, we should encourage our patients to lobby as vigor-

Mayday, mayday

In his review of *Black Hawk Down*, Brian D. Johnson tries to persuade me that a collection of critics, unlike the U.S. soldiers in the movie, would leave their wounded to a mob ("Oh, what a lovely war," Films, Jan. 21). It is fun to imagine the movie: a Bertolt Brecht look-alike, reedy, all in black and sporting a three-day growth of beard, would be in the command chopper making politically correct decisions to limit overall human loss by leaving wounded critics. The critics themselves, having dashed into action so confidently, would run away, screaming hysterically, because they are so sensitive, so full of understanding of the larger picture. To avoid violence porn, the camera would simply cut away from those left to die at the hands of the mob.

Stephen McCaffery, Ottawa

"GET READY TO LAUGH!"
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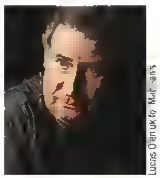
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ously as possible for access to treatments that will improve their quality of life.
Dr. Ronald M. Laxer, Toronto

While spending for prescription drugs has grown dramatically in recent years, including for newer arthritis medications, your article suggests this is due to the replacement of older drugs by newer, more expensive ones. In fact, a detailed analysis, published by the U.S. non-profit watchdog Health Affairs, found that replacing older drugs with newer ones results in reductions in mortality, morbidity and total medical spending. People who make drug policy decisions need to take into consideration the full range of benefits and costs. Our view is that anyone whose profession or job exists because people are suffering with cancer, arthritis, diabetes, HIV/AIDS and other diseases has an obligation to actively work to eliminate the obstacles to delivering as rapidly as possible the best that science has to offer to those who need it the most.
Pat Kelly, Chair, Cancer Advocacy Coalition of Canada, Toronto

Alberta and health care

Unfortunately, Ralph Klein feels entitled to dismantle public health care by financially propping up private, investor-driven facilities with public tax dollars and increasing health-care premiums ("Collision course," Canada, Jan. 21). Don Mazankowski, chairman of the Advisory Council on Health, is also a board member of Great-West Life Assurance and conceivably has a vested interest in de-insuring medical services—another new initiative. Well Mr. Klein and Mr. Mazankowski, when it comes to public services such as health care, the legitimacy of a democracy is established by legislation that protects public interests over private interests. Albertans can only hope that conscientious Canadians will strongly protest privatization and stop the Klein agenda—we're up against it here, given this government's massive mandate.
Judy Johnson, Friends of Medicare, Calgary


Lucas Oleniuk for Maclean's
Stop-Klein appeal

Naturally if you cut taxes, something has to give. In this context, Kleinites have put our universal health programs on the cutting block. Without the same medical programs in every province, there will be a sound reason to opt for separatism. The Quebec separatist gang must be happy to have Albertans take over the lead to further their cause.
Robert Turner, Kingsville, Ont.

Speaking for whom?

Edward Oke of Olds, Alta., states in his letter "Historical views" (Jan. 21): "We in the West would be quite happy to have a North American immigration policy." This statement leads me to conclude either a) Oke has asked all nine million Western Canadians for their views on this matter and, without exception, they all agree with him, or b) Oke is just another arrogant Albertan claiming to speak for all Western Canadians while conveniently ignoring the huge diversity of thought and opinion that help make this region such a great place to live.
Adam Gravina, Gladstone, Man.

Proud history

In view of recent developments, it was satisfying to review the part played by the Canadian Armed Forces in supporting diplomatic initiatives to contain the Soviet Union during the Cold War ("Canada's glory days," Canada and the World, Jan. 21). As the part to be played by our ground forces in Afghanistan assumes prominence, it should have been noteworthy that, between 1950 and 1953, many thousands of men and women and many elements of the Canadian Army served in the Korean theatre. Most of these belonged to the 25th Canadian Infantry Brigade, part of the First Commonwealth Division that was under the operational control of the U.S. Eighth Army. Of the more than 500 Canadians who died, more than 300 were killed in action during hostilities subsequently debated as to whether they constituted a "war."
Reg A. Hill, London, Ont.

A sub-heading in "Canada's glory days" reads, "During the height of the Cold War, we had real influence. What went wrong?" What went wrong is that we are now internationally viewed as lapdogs of American foreign policy. We have lost the moral high ground and until we disengage our foreign policy from that of the U.S. we will not have "real influence."
Michael J. Bidochka, St. Catharines, Ont.

Doukhobor plight

It's ironic that the same province that put Doukhobor children into virtual prison camps to educate them ("The lost children," History, Jan. 21) refused to properly educate the Japanese-Canadian children interned during the war from 1942 to 1946, just a decade before. The further irony is that these Doukhobor children were placed in the same prison camps where the Japanese-Canadians were incarcerated.
Peter Kurita, Cobourg, Ont.

Unfortunately, you continue to confuse the public by painting all Doukhobors with the "Freedomite" brush. You state that 5,000 "Freedomites" moved to B.C. from Saskatchewan in 1908 and soon "dynamited bridges and railway tracks, burned homes and schools and staged nude protests." Stigmatizing the large majority of Doukhobors with the activities of a small group of radicals in their midst reinforces the public's stereotypical image of Doukhobors as arsonists and nudists, and obscures the contributions of a hard-working, peaceful people.
Carl Tracie, Langley, B.C.

'Canary in the mine'

The degree of acceptance of homosexuality by mainstream society has for a long time been my canary in the mine ("Queer as mainstream," Television, Jan. 21). Biblical history along with recorded history in general indicates that when a society accepts deviant sexual practices, that society is about to be destroyed. Portraying young homosexual men and women as being cool and good-looking and indulging in risky sexual practices is not a plus for *Maclean's*. Where is the mention of the sexually transmitted diseases that result and the shortened life expectancy of these sexual gladiators, not to mention the cost to our overburdened health-care system?
Brian Zacharias, Nelson, B.C.



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Overture

Edited by Shanda Deziel *with Amy Cameron*

D'oh! Homer does Toronto



How do you wave your Maple Leaf in a room full of American comedians? For ***Joel Cohen*** *and* ***Tim Long****—the only Canadian writers working on The Simpsons—the answer was to set an episode in their native land. The Feb. 17 show, "The Bart Wants What It Wants," features Bart falling in love with a girl who moves to Toronto. To help him win her back, the Simpsons head north of the border. Long, 32, of Exeter, Ont., came up with the Toronto idea, while Calgary-born Cohen, 34, tried mightily to keep ridiculous Canadian stereotypes out of the script. He failed. Here is the world according to a couple of Simpsons scribes.*

Maclean's: *What is your title?*

Cohen: Producer. You can call me doctor.

Maclean's: *Are you picked on because you're Canadian?*

Cohen. It's bad. I go home in tears a lot.

Long: We've been teased about it. The American writers on staff tend to be highly educated but still astonishingly ignorant about Canada.

Maclean's: *Were you called upon to confirm whether things were quintessentially Canadian or not?*

Cohen. Yes. I had to draw deep upon my soul for Canadianisms. It was very therapeutic.

Maclean's: *This episode is getting a lot of media attention in Canada. Are you surprised?*

Long: I am flabbergasted. I can't believe it. We are lucky enough to be successful everywhere, but it seems like *The Simpsons* is especially beloved in Canada. This may be a contradiction in terms, but I think Canadians are very sophisticated TV watchers.

Maclean's: *Anything else you want to add?*

Cohen: I want to sing my bar mitzvah speech to you.

Long: I am startlingly handsome. Smouldering good looks is how people describe me. Well, with a little Molson muscle but still OK.

Thanks to a couple of Canuck writers, *The Simpsons* spoof the Great White North

MATT GROENING

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Over and Under Achievers

Scoring big

Tony Clement. Ontario health minister and Tory leadership aspirant pays his PR man $300,000 a year in taxpayers' money. Not so much, if you benchmark it against **Mariah Carey**'s severance deal.

Ann-Maria MacDonald. Gets **Oprah**'s laying on of hands for her 1996 novel *Fall On Your Knees*. Last month, another Canadian, **Rohinton Mistry**, got the Big O treatment, and his *A Fine Balance* shot up the best-seller charts.

Mario Lemieux. Four goals and 10 assists in first six NHL games since hip injury—Super Mario is peaking just in time for Olympics. Salt Lake City, here we come!

Ralph Klein. Sort of endorses Alliance leadership contender **Grant Hill**, sort of doesn't. Cute. Premier, coyness doesn't become an old political pro.

Gordon Campbell. Maybe B.C. does need the Liberal premier's tough fiscal medicine. But maybe he should have said so during the election campaign.

Pinning hopes on the kindness of strangers

Bonnie Shand drives the school bus on Cape Sable Island, a speck of a place off the southernmost tip of Nova Scotia. But when terrorists destroyed the centrepiece of Manhattan on Sept. 11, it hit her like a truck. "I just knew I had to do something," vowed the 48-year-old Shand. So she made herself a lapel badge of red, white and blue ribbon, stuck on with a tiny Canadian flag pin that she found in a drawer and went off to a church dinner. And from that symbolic deed little miracles grew.



Shand drives on

Brian Mackey/Yarmouth Herald Ltd

Now, four months later, Shand and 16 friends have cobbled together over 9,000 of these friendship pins and raised $25,000 to aid the victims of Sept. 11. That was the easy part. Being a practical Maritimer, Shand couldn't see just shipping the money south and losing nearly 40 per cent on exchange. So after *Maclean's* documented the 24 Canadian families whose loved ones perished in the attack, Shand shifted her focus there. With Ottawa's help, her group narrowed the field to five families with young children who lost a breadwinner. All have been gratified by the offer, but four are still in the U.S., unsure of what to do with their lives. And Shand wants each to have an equal share, not diluted by something as ephemeral as borders and exchange rates. So she is hoping that some corporation or bank will top up the amounts to go to those in the U.S., ensuring all the families receive the full value of the "pin money" from the women of Nova Scotia. Shand's a firm believer in miracles now.



Gzowski and Rogers in 1996—things have been uneven since he left

Mike Ellis/Maclean's

What will *This Morning* bring?

News of **Peter Gzowski**'s death last week came as the future of his old time slot at CBC Radio One was in question. What to do with morning programming—ruled by the rumpled legend from 1971 to 1974 as host of *This Country in the Morning* and then again when he presided over *Morningside* from 1982 to 1997—is one of the key questions being asked as the network's deep thinkers consider programming changes.

"CBC Radio is embarking on a pretty vigorous new programming initiative," said spokeswoman **Ruth-Ellen Soles**. "There are a lot of people involved looking at what we can do to reenergize the radio schedule." She said the so-called "program development" thrust is examining the 6 a.m. to noon shows on weekdays along with the Saturday schedule.

CBC circles were buzzing with rumours that the venerable Saturday show on federal politics *The House*, might be cancelled or moved. As for Gzowski's old perch, the weekday 9 a.m. to noon show now called *This Morning* has been viewed as uneven since he left. First, there was the brief, unhappy experiment with dual hosts **Michael Enright** and **Avril Benoit**. Then Enright flew solo until handing it over to **Sheiagh Rogers** in September of 2000. Soles stressed that speculation about what will happen is premature. "We feel that the listeners are changing and we've got to keep up with what they are looking for," she says. "But no decisions have been made." Stay tuned.

Do you hear what I hear? A guide to perfect pitch

The Test: close your eyes. A note is played on the piano and you effortlessly declare it's an F. Congratulations, you're one of the lucky one in 10,000 who have absolute pitch, or more colloquially, perfect pitch.

Scientists at the University of Wisconsin-Madison believe we're all genetically programmed for absolute pitch. But this skill is lost unless deliberately cultivated. Although the critical period for development has not been pinpointed, experts agree that musical studies prior to age 10—when certain neuron circuits that permit sensory discrimination close off—increase the likelihood of developing perfect pitch. Genetic inheritance is also key—half of all those with absolute pitch have relatives who share this aural acuity.

If you're anxious to groom your kid's ears but lack the genes for the job, start music lessons before age seven or immerse your family in the study of a tonal language like Vietnamese, Cantonese or Mandarin, where pitch is an essential part of conveying meaning. Another incentive to cultivate pitch perfection: the American Academy of Neurology has found more relative grey matter—the tissue in your brain that makes you smart—in professional musicians trained at an early age than non-musicians. They also believe that you need more grey matter to appreciate classical music and less to enjoy pop music.



Judy Garland's daughter Lorna, 4, started young

Baltimore Sun/Getty Images

But beyond the bragging rights, the ability to produce or identify the pitch of a tone without reference to an external standard has little use outside of professional musicianship—and is too fine a form of categorization for everyday living. So most people, including many music students, settle with the plebeian ability to find a note by singing up the scale or name a note by measuring it against a common reference point, like middle C on a piano. This skill is called relative pitch. And while it may not be perfect, relatively speaking, it's better than being tone deaf. **Tara Wohlberg**

Smith stokes the home fires

For 26 years Calgarian **Beverley Smith** has engaged in a lonely crusade to reform Canada's tax laws for the benefit of stay-at-home parents. It began when Smith quit her teaching job to take care of the first of her four children—now ages 21 through 26. She discovered that while the government provided generous tax credits for families with two working parents, those who chose to stay at home enjoyed no equivalent benefit. Over the years, Smith has written countless letters and briefs, appeared before government committees and taken her case to the Canadian Human Rights Commission and even the United Nations. She also met personally with a number of high-profile politicians including Finance Minister **Paul Martin**. But while she received some platitudes about the justness of her cause, no significant tax reforms have been enacted.

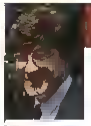


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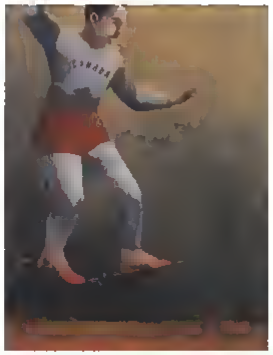
'I'm pigheaded'

Now Smith is taking a new tack. She has written to the federal attorney general requesting Ottawa to invoke a rarely used provision of the Supreme Court of Canada Act which allows the government to directly refer a point of law to the Supreme Court and ask them to interpret it. Smith wants the Court to consider existing parental benefits and determine if they violate equality provisions under the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms. Among them is the fact that child care expense deductions are restricted to those who use daycare or employ nannies. While Ottawa has yet to respond, one thing is certain. Smith, who resumed teaching in 1998, is not about to give up. "I'm pigheaded," she says. "Obviously any changes are going to come too late for me now. But I don't want anyone else to have to go through what I did being treated as a second-class citizen." **Brian Bergman**





The Canuck advantage



I remember the campfire aroma of kebabs smoking on a makeshift barbecue as the older men sat wearing the red or black printed cotton Palestinian *kaffiyeh* headgear. It was a Sunday picnic almost 20 years ago near Nablus in the West Bank when I was a diplomat assigned to the Canadian Embassy in Tel Aviv. We Canadians went often on weekends to the West Bank, less so to Gaza because it was not as accessible through Israeli security, and the poverty inhibited relaxation.

There is another memory: the Americans never joined us. In fact, they were not permitted by their own security people to travel in the occupied territories, except under escort. They were discouraged from even moving around widely in Israel proper. Three-metre-high concrete slabs ringed the U.S. Embassy in Tel Aviv to prevent car bombers; after all, terrorists had just blown up a U.S. Marine barracks in Beirut, killing 241 Americans.

Later, I spent several winter evenings over tea and biscuits with Nobel Peace Prize winner Andrei Sakharov and his wife, Yelena Bonner, in their Moscow apartment. The Canadian Embassy was trying to get Sakharov to Winnipeg to accept a human rights award. The KGB watched from the street but did not interfere when I trudged up six elevator-free floors. Yet Moscow barred the Americans from making similar visits.

In Cuba, very capable American diplomats were hobbled by the constraints of their own Cuba policy. They had virtually no contact with Cubans outside of the tiny "dissident" community, and the state department is now concerned that the administration doesn't know enough about what is really happening in Cuba.

In other words, there are certain things the United States cannot do, and its freedom of movement is not without limit. The very fact of being the sole superpower can be an obstacle. In certain constituencies, Washington cannot be heard with credibility because, at best, it is viewed as untrustworthy and, at worst, as evil. Its military and economic power is unrivalled but not absolute. The Americans can become trapped in a matrix of their own interests and relationships.

Reeling from the human horror of Sept. 11, Washington is probably more open to working with other nations on global issues than at any time since the heady days of Woodrow Wilson at the close of the First World War. Where a dismissive United States once needed no help from anyone to do its business, it now realizes others have useful skills and abilities.

When Lloyd Axworthy was foreign minister, the Americans were distrustful of his concept of Canadian "soft" power because its softness felt prickly to their touch. Laudable initiatives like the ban on land mines threatened their defence community. They will still be wary, but Canada has an opportunity now to become a purveyor of influence and knowledge consistent with the interests of our friend and ally. In the same way that Canada's national prosperity rests increasingly on the knowledge-based economy, our true international role flows from our ability to provide value-added knowledge in the political settlement of disputes.

Canada belongs—at considerable cost—to just about every planetary organization that matters. In the post-Sept. 11 foreign-policy free-for-all, we can see a return on that investment for the first time. We can leverage the relatively untainted relationships we have built with countries rich and poor, relationships which the U.S. cannot duplicate precisely because it is the U.S. Intended or not, raw American power corrupts its interaction with other countries.

When overseas, I was beseeched regularly by people anxious to see Canada more engaged in the settlement of the world's hotspot issues. The tribal and ethnic witches' brew in Afghanistan is only one potent example. We are attractive because we are like Americans but not Americans. We have no historic or colonial baggage to inflame animosities and feed distrust. We are courted neither out of politeness nor obligation, but because the champions of peace and security are desperate for help in finding a way out.

Helping is hard work—and far from the champagne-and-caviar myth of diplomatic life. I never wore a tuxedo once in my years as a diplomat. Jeans are better suited to dusty Jeep drives to remote patches of earth where we are dispatched to try to influence a little history. The daily schedule of a young foreign service officer is more likely to involve endless waiting outside the closed military trial of a human rights activist than a comfy limo ride.

In fact, the proud Canadian foreign service is under threat. It is currently hemorrhaging talent at record levels over working conditions, at the very time we need it most. History and world affairs have crafted a custom role for Canada. Even the Americans would now welcome a resurgent Canadian diplomacy. The question is whether we care enough to deliver.

Mark Entwistle was a Canadian diplomat for 16 years, including ambassador to Cuba. He is now an international affairs consultant with Prospectus Associates in Ottawa.

Illustration for Maclean's by Kalin Pilen



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The Week That Was



Refugees flee Goma, AP

Congo city charred

As acrid smoke lingered in the air and earthquakes rumbled through the eastern Congolese city of Goma, desperate residents braved still-hot lava to comb through debris from buildings that once housed thousands. Nearly 500,000 people fled across the Rwandan border after the Jan. 17 eruption of Mount Nyiragongo. 20 km north of the city. Unwilling to remain in refugee camps, most returned to the devastation, sleeping out in the open through nights of heavy seasonal rain. Still, the danger had not passed. Up to 60 people were killed when lava ignited barrels of fuel at a gas station, sending a huge fire ball into the sky. The United Nations launched an appeal for $38 million in aid. Canada pledged $2.5 million to the relief effort.

Tabloid sex scandal

A Canadian supply teacher is making headlines in Britain's tabloid press for allegedly seducing three of her pupils. Amy Gehring, 26, who taught briefly at a school near London, is accused of having sex with one 14-year-old and two 15-year-old students between Nov. 19, 2000 and Jan. 2, 2001. One of the alleged victims told the court he had sex with Gehring in a washroom during a New Year's Eve party. She told police she couldn't remember the party because she'd been drunk, prosecutors say. Gehring, from Otterville, Ont., denies the five charges of indecent assault.

Hearst to testify

Patty Hearst Shaw, the newspaper heiress who was kidnapped by—and then joined—a 1970s radical group, says she will testify against her former compatriots Sara Jane Olson, who, when she was arrested in June 1999, was living a middle-class life as an actress and a mother of three in a quiet Minnesota suburb, and three other members of the Symbionese Liberation Army, were charged with first-degree murder in the shotgun killing of Myrna Opsahl, a 42-year-old mother of four, during an April, 1975, bank robbery near Sacramento, Calif.



FBI/AP

A long time coming

After 42 years of maintaining his innocence, Steven Truscott will have his 1959 conviction for rape and murder reviewed. Justice Minister Martin Cauchon appointed retired judge Fred Kaufman—who scathingly dissected police and prosecution tactics in the wrongful conviction of Guy Paul Morin—to review the Truscott case under a section of the Criminal Code which permits the airing of new information or evidence not available at trial. Truscott and his supporters had buttressed their lobbying for his exoneration with a 700-page legal brief that claimed he was convicted through a combination of police tunnel vision, shoddy science and a massive suppression of evidence in the 1959 rape-murder of 12-year-old Lynne Harper in Clinton, Ont. Truscott, whose sentence to hang was commuted, served 10 years in prison before being paroled. Until he launched his exoneration bid, he lived quietly under an assumed name.

U.S. fighter arraigned

Amidst tight security and intense publicity, John Walker Lindh, the American-born Taliban fighter found in Afghanistan in November, appeared in a U.S. federal court in Alexandria, Va. Lindh, 20, was impassive during the 15-minute hearing in which he was arraigned on charges that included conspiring to kill Americans, speaking only briefly to say he understood the proceedings. He faces life imprisonment if convicted.

Zimbabwe violence

Two reports, one from the Zimbabwe Human Rights Forum and another by a group of Danish doctors, say there's been a sharp increase in political violence—and the government is responsible. With national elections looming in March, Zimbabwe President Robert Mugabe's majority ZANU-PF put up roadblocks, demanding people buy party membership cards. Mugabe is also trying to push through a controversial bill that will prohibit foreign journalists from being based in Zimbabwe and require local media to apply for government licences. Opposition members say the bill is part of Mugabe's drive to silence his critics.

Dropouts drop off

Canada's high-school dropout rate fell to 12 per cent in 1999 from 18 per cent in 1991, Statistics Canada reported. Teenagers, experts say, are more aware of the importance of a high school education. StatsCan's Youth In Transition survey also found that about 70 per cent of students attend college or university after they graduate. Some things don't change, though. Women were still more likely to graduate than men.

Enron suicide

A former vice-chairman of collapsed energy firm Enron Corp. shot himself in his car, leaving a suicide note, police in a Houston suburb said. J. Clifford Baxter, who resigned last May, had expressed concern internally over Enron accounting practices, and U.S. congressional committees had wanted to talk to him. It was a dire week for Enron. A former senior partner of accountancy firm Arthur Andersen LLP refused to testify at one hearing. David Duncan, who was fired over serious irregularities in the firm's handling of Enron's accounts, pleaded the Fifth Amendment, the constitutional provision barring self-incrimination. And Kenneth Lay, Enron's beleaguered CEO, resigned, saying he had to devote his time to dealing with the swirl of official probes.

BCE's heir

BCE Inc. chairman and CEO Jean Monty—boss of an empire that includes Bell Canada, CTV and the *Globe and Mail*, gave the nod to president Michael Sabia as his likely successor. In assigning him the job of integrating the conglomerate's disparate units, Monty said Sabia, 48, was being given the chance to demonstrate "he has what it takes to be CEO." But Monty, 54, made it clear he has no plans to retire.

Kmart's red light

U.S. shopping giant Kmart Corp. sought bankruptcy protection. The discount chain, known for its line of products designed by household guru Martha Stewart, was caught in a squeeze for market position. Below was Wal-Mart, the ultimate discounter named by *Fortune* magazine last week as America's largest company. Above was the hipper Target chain, also a discounter. Kmart sold its Canadian outlets in 1998 to the Hudson's Bay Co., which converted many to Zellers stores. Stewart, whose products are also sold at Zellers, said it was up to Kmart whether to continue selling her Martha Stewart Everyday brand.



Chew on this, says Tyson

Susumu Pamett/AP

Mike's latest melee

Mike Tyson and Lennox Lewis traded punches, abruptly halting a news conference to announce their April title fight. The behaviour of Tyson, who bit Lewis on the leg, may put the heavyweight fight in jeopardy. The Nevada State Athletic Commission fined Tyson US$3 million in 1997 and revoked his licence after he bit off a piece of Evander Holyfield's ear. Tyson's licence was restored, but it expired in 1999 and the commission must decide whether to grant him a new one.

Battling over the future of health care



Protesting Klein's privatization plans

Richard Lam/CP

It's not often that Canada's premiers and territorial leaders agree on something, but at their two-day summit in Vancouver they were unanimous on at least one point: Ottawa must increase health-care funding. According to their numbers, federal transfer payments of $15.5 billion this year will amount to only about 14 per cent of total Canadian health-care expenditures. In a post-meeting communiqué, B.C. Premier Gordon Campbell said Alberta Premier Ralph Klein will take the lead in working with the federal government to develop a dispute-resolution mechanism for health issues. "Should discussions not be successful by April 30, premiers agreed that the federal government will have essentially abandoned the social union framework agreement," Campbell said.

The leaders also agreed to create a council with the mandate, budget and staff to gather and disseminate information on the best ways to manage their health-care systems. But while they agreed Canada's current medical system is not sustainable, none said they would go as far as Klein. He had arrived at the summit armed with a copy of Alberta's prescription for reforming health care: 44 recommendations that, if adopted, will greatly increase the role of the private sector. Klein dismissed the concerns of the other premiers who believe the Alberta solution will lead to the privatization of services across Canada.

Passages

Died: In 12 years on the Supreme Court, Justice **Willard "Bud" Estey** helped set precedents for interpreting the Charter of Rights and Freedoms. After retiring in 1988, the native of Saskatoon resumed a private practice in Toronto, chaired several royal commissions, and in 1998 conducted a sweeping review of the western grain industry. Estey, 82, died at home in Toronto.



Rick Chard

Awarded: Former lieutenant-general **Roméo Dallaire** was given the inaugural Aegis Award from Britain's Beth Shalom Holocaust Centre. Dallaire was commander of United Nations forces in Rwanda in 1994 when Hutu extremists slaughtered 800,000 Tutsis. And he is now being recognized for his attempts to prevent that genocide. Dallaire, 55, retired in 2000, suffering from post-traumatic stress disorder.

Died: **Peggy Lee** was 14 when she decided to become a singer. Four years later, the Jamestown, N.D., native had changed her name from Norma Engstrom and moved to Hollywood. Known for such hits as *Is That All There Is?* and *Fever*, the singer-composer recorded more than 600 songs. Lee, 81, died of a heart attack in her Bel Air, Calif., home.

Died: **Albert Edgar Ritchie** travelled with prime ministers, argued with presidents and was one of Canada's most influential diplomats. The Andover, N.B., native became a Rhodes Scholar, worked for External Affairs and the United Nations, and was ambassador to both Ireland and the United States. Ritchie, 85, died in Ottawa of a stroke.

Israelis and Palestinians at the 'brink of the abyss'



Israeli tanks responding to terror attacks enter Ramallah

Jerome Delay/AP

They're on the "brink of the abyss," Terje Roed-Larsen, the UN's special coordinator for the Middle East peace process, said last week after touring Israel and Palestine. In light of the escalating violence, the pessimism seemed justified. A Palestinian gunman dressed in an Israeli army uniform opened fire on commuters at a downtown Jerusalem bus stop, killing two people and injuring 30 before police shot him to death. The attack came just hours after four members of the Islamic terrorist group Hamas died during an Israeli army raid on their bomb-making laboratory in the West Bank city of Nablus. At their funerals, Hamas leaders vowed to avenge "every drop" of blood. Three days later yet another suicide bomber struck—this time in a crowded Tel Aviv shopping area—killing himself and wounding 24 bystanders. Israeli political analyst Menachem Shalev said the bombings had brought both sides to the "eve of war."

The violence spilled over into Lebanon, where the terrorist group Hezbollah also answered the call, firing mortar shells and missiles across the Israeli border. Israeli artillery and warplanes responded by firing rockets into Hezbollah positions in Lebanon. While the fighting triggered renewed calls for peace from both sides, analysts say Israel may try to end the terrorist attacks by toppling Palestinian Authority Chairman Yasser Arafat, whom the Israelis claim has done little to stop the killings. While Israeli officials privately acknowledge they have no clear sense of what might follow Arafat's departure, they say they have little choice. Cabinet minister Danny Naveh appeared to be speaking for a growing number of Israelis when he said that whatever the alternative to Arafat, "he can't be much worse than what we have now."

Washington also seems to have written off Arafat and last week endorsed Israel's confinement of the Palestinian leader in a compound in Ramallah, where he's been under virtual house arrest for nearly two months. From his office window, Arafat can peer out at Israeli soldiers and tanks encircling his headquarters. White House spokesman Ari Fleischer said President George W. Bush understands the reasons for Israel's actions. "It's up to Arafat," added Fleischer, "to demonstrate the leadership to combat terrorism, which is not only a threat to Israel but to Arafat."



Barbara Amiel

The low dollar is our fault

Once upon a time there was a famous Canadian company called Thomson Corp. It owned lots of things including the *Globe and Mail*. Thomson saw that being involved in Canada was not a wise thing, financially speaking. So it sold up and acquired massive assets in our neighbour to the south. Now its millions of shareholders enjoy their dividends and a secure old age.

Back in the bleak northern land of Canada, populated by public sector munchkins, anti-capitalists in strange places like the Governor General's mansion and a quiescent, ill-informed public, little notice was taken of this business move. And in time, 70 per cent of the *Globe* was purchased by a conglomerate called BCE.

BCE had, not so very long ago, relied heavily upon a subsidiary called Nortel Networks to help it make the profits to buy things like the *Globe*. But Nortel Networks was run by smart people just like Thomson, and by now two-thirds of its assets are in the United States. In Toronto, meanwhile, the *Globe* editorial writers lived on a high mountain inaccessible to the lessons of history or common sense. And so it was that they continued to write hymns in defence of the very economy that their former proprietors had wisely abandoned. Here is an excerpt from a last Nov. 2 editorial on the sliding Canadian dollar:

"There is comfort in understanding that the loonie's problems are not due to glaring policy failures. Short of a devastating spike in interest rates, there is probably not much that Canada or any other country can do to entice slavish investors away from the U.S. dollar. . . . Yet few Canadians are demanding that the Bank of Canada raise interest rates sharply to bolster the dollar. That's because Canadians accept that a stable domestic economy matters far more than a weak international currency. We still enjoy a strong standard of living because we do not have crippling interest rates, soaring inflation and record levels of unemployment. It is not worth abandoning this stability for the sake of cross-border shopping trips and damaged national pride."

This editorial is an Ode to Ignorance. For the past 20 years at least, shrewd Canadians have known that Canada's economic and social policies would produce dire results. Nor only brains have fled Canada, capital has fled as well. The *Globe*'s editorial writers tell us the dollar's decline is not because of "policy failures." What on earth do they think is the cause? Eating Twinkies? Money goes where it is rewarded. For the past two decades the world has thought increasingly badly of our money and policies. The Canadian dollar has slid steadily during good and bad times in America.

Successive Canadian governments have soothed unions, business and voters by a wink-and-nod policy: keep the dollar low so business could give pay raises and benefits to workers without matching productivity increases. The low dollar allowed business to remain competitive in spite of increased costs. But as Canada lost some of its manufacturing base, more goods had to be imported. Canada has to sell more and more to pay for things when the prices it gets for exports are kept artificially low by the devalued dollar. Business is getting cold feet but, as yet, not the government.

The Australian dollar had held up decently until the collapse of the Far Eastern currencies with which it chiefly trades. Canada's currency tracks well enough with the yen or the German mark. But these countries don't have an 8,900-km border with America, send 85 per cent of their exports there, or even speak the same language. Canada has to be competitive with the U.S. But with our policies how can we be—except by letting our dollar sink?

> **Eventually, Canada will have to change its economic culture and psychology to make it a competitive place to invest**

The U.S. has a flexible workforce: they go where the jobs are—unlike Canadians with their regional grants. The U.S. generally welcomes new technologies while most Canadian unions resist them. Americans have never allowed organized labour to be a destructive influence in the economy. America has lower taxes, less regulation and subscribes to the notion that the harder you work, the more money you get.

Canadians can insulate themselves for a while from the low dollar. You can travel to Third World countries—totalitarian Cuba being a popular Canadian choice. If your politics are on the left or reflexively nationalistic, you can even find some satisfaction in the low dollar—just like the *Globe*. The editorial virtually confers moral superiority on our currency being worth less than America's, by seeing it as proof that we have a social conscience. The weak dollar is the reason for our social stability and proper values. A strong dollar, after all, would simply encourage "cross-border shopping."

Perhaps the majority of Canadians agree. The country is so rich in food and resources that it will muddle on. Eventually, it will be forced to change its economic culture and psychology to make it a competitive place to invest vis-à-vis the U.S. Meanwhile, Canadians can place their hopes in the situation righting itself by some disaster deflating the U.S. dollar. What a people we have become when we hang our economic hopes on such a mean, envious little peg. m



He radiated curiosity like the electric element of a stove. His enthusiasms were never forced, his compliments never rehearsed.

Peter Bregg/Maclean's

PETER GZOWSKI

1934-2002

Journalism's boy wonder turned the radio interview into a rounded, textured and vital conversation

Raised in Galt, Ont., educated at the University of Toronto, and weaned on small-town newspapers in Ontario and Saskatchewan, Peter Gzowski took Canadian journalism by storm. From the Toronto Star *he moved to* Maclean's, *becoming, at 28, its youngest-ever managing editor. By 40 he was a national icon as morning host on CBC Radio. For three years in the early 70s, Gzowski channelled his boundless energy and curiosity into the groundbreaking national talk program* This Country in the Morning. *After an eight-year break for television and writing, he returned to his old radio time slot in 1982. His 15-year stint on what was then called* Morningside *cemented his reputation as the voice of Canadians. A heavy smoker for 50 years, Gzowski died in Toronto last week of emphysema at 67. On the following pages, Michael Enright, his successor as host both times he left radio and now host of CBC Radio's* The Sunday Edition, *offers his appreciation of Gzowski's place in broadcast history.*



This Country in the Morning was brilliant, and brilliantly original, and it worked



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CBC Archive

With colleagues in the old Toronto radio building (top); with Gordon Pinsent, Max Ferguson and others on *90 Minutes Live* (middle); with John Candy in 1979

BY MICHAEL ENRIGHT

It was Peter Gzowski who came up with the perfect description of a radio interview. He said it was like two people paddling in a canoe, each trying to go in the opposite direction. It was Peter Gzowski who came up with the perfect description of the radio interview because he was better at steering the canoe than anybody else. The politician sweatily trying to stay on message and the author chirping the title of his book in every breath could feel the interview moving into the tall weeds with Gzowski in command.

Before Gzowski, the radio interview was almost a set-piece encounter. With the glorious exception of Barbara Frum on *As It Happens*, most interviews were dignified and respectful, predictable answer following predictable question. Peter turned the long-form interview into a fully charged and rounded conversation that had muscle and texture and vitality. It was an irrefutable technique, and in a major way it transformed radio.

CBC Radio in the '60s was in the doldrums. Seeded by the mythic BBC granary and planted in the shade of American commercial radio, the venerable old institution had lost its way. Listenership was anemic, programming was dull; it had become irrelevant. It was time to turn the thing around or let it go.

Peter didn't save CBC Radio alone. Among other innovators were Frum and young producers like Mark Starowicz. What Gzowski did was bump radio into a new compass heading. He had a vision. The vehicle was a 9-to-noon daily program called *This Country in the Morning*. For three years starting in 1971, Gzowski presided over a cockamamie daily mix of interviews, music, quizzes, audience contests, weird monologues and oddball comedy. Peter took the radio to the listener. It was brilliant, and brilliantly original, and it worked. With a band of aggressive and slightly mad young producers, *This Country* changed the way radio was done. And in doing so changed the way Canadians listened to it.

Hosting a three-hour live morning radio program is like carrying a refrigerator up the stairs. It's like blowing up a lifeboat by mouth. You get up at 3 in the morning and dress in the dark or in the next room so as

THE SAGE IN THE CORNER

Working with the man who really listened

BY KATHERINE MACKLEM

Every weekday morning, after three hours of live radio, a couple of cigarettes or more—in the smoking room down the hall, of course—and some phone calls, Peter Gzowski would shuffle, head down, into *Morningside*'s open office area, where the producers worked. You know, he walked much like he talked—in a kind of bumbling fashion that made it look like he didn't know where he was going. He did, of course. He'd sink into his corner of the sofa—like The Dad, he had His Chair—and balance a small carton of milk and a paper plate holding a sandwich on his knee, and listen. I was a producer at *Morningside* during its last three years and Gzowski's last years as a daily radio host. By then, meaning both by his lunchtime and at that stage of his career, he was tired.

As warm and as open as Gzowski was with his radio audience, he was, away from the studio and its microphones, a shy, introverted man. By the time the story meeting rolled around, he was also talked out. So he'd grunt and bark approval or disapproval of producers' ideas of what to put on the air. Gzowski would sit, and his pants would bunch up around his knees to expose his white, hairless and—even in winter—sockless shins, his feet covered with pale leather loafers. He looked like a man who dressed in the dark, which may well have been true—he almost always arrived at work before dawn. He wore sweaters—often for days on end—that, if they weren't stained or unravelling, invariably had cigarette burns. He'd bite into his sandwich, flicking the crumbs from his fingers onto the little plate, and appear uninterested, as producers struggled to come up with the best approach to a story or the best person to speak on a topic. But then, just when the discussion was really going nowhere, he'd speak up. "Why don't you try so-and-so?" he'd suggest, surprising us because he had been listening after all. And, he'd hit the nail right on the head—it was the right idea.

While he wanted recognition for his work—he knew it was good—Gzowski didn't like the adulation that came with being a star. I'd once booked a large panel for the show, five people from across the country as I recall, one of whom was a 50-ish woman who lived north of Toronto and was the only guest in Gzowski's studio. Before the program began, Gzowski emerged from his office—a small, book-filled space—to say hello. Well, she gushed and blathered about how wonderful it was to meet him in person—and, well, never was she invited back again.

Gzowski cared, tremendously, about his work, about his show, about radio, about the people he worked with, about journalism, about Canada—and about his audience. He connected with his listeners in a way no other broadcaster has managed to do. He truly listened on their behalf and used the incredible depth of his intelligence and the breadth of his knowledge to make stories come alive. His finely tuned bullshit meter came in handy, too. As an interviewer, he was master of the craft; he could spar with the likes of Conrad Black or connect with the longings of Leonard Cohen. As a producer, I'd sit in the studio, on the control room side of the glass and watch and listen to the items I was responsible for. I knew, by watching his moustache, when the interview or the panel had really piqued his curiosity. He'd twist and scrunch up his mouth, and his fingers—ink- and nicotine-stained, always—would dance in the air, as he'd listen and think about his next parry, and his bristly moustache would jerk and twitch.

The twitching moustache would sometimes happen in a story meeting, too, if Gzowski was excited about an idea. Yet once he'd made his precise, *bon mot* suggestion, he'd leave the details for producers to work out. With his sandwich done, and confident that the next morning's show was more or less under control, he'd lift himself out of the low sofa and, usually heading out for a smoke, he'd shuffle off. Bye-bye, Pete.



not to awaken your partner. At dinner parties you excuse yourself at 9 o'clock. You go to movie matinees with senior citizens or kids playing hooky. You start to think about sleep all the time, the way teenagers think about sex. The program is not part of your life, the program *is* your life. Peter Gzowski, in three years on *This Country* and then for a phenomenal 15 years on *Morningside*, did it day-in, day-out, year after year.

This Country made him the most famous and admired broadcaster in Canada, better known than the Governor General. When he left for television in 1974, I was plucked from the editorial board of the *Toronto Star* and given the job of replacing the icon. It was like trying to replace Dave Keon as captain of the Leafs.

Peter and I had parallel though not contemporary careers. Small-town newspapers, magazines (including this one), radio here and there. But he was the icon, I was the upstart. He did things on the radio that would have been folly for anyone to try to imitate. His connection with the listener was at once immediate and intimate. He could—when he had to and it was not often—disguise or hide his boredom, boredom, never disdain. I could not. He radiated curiosity like the electric element of a stove. It was real. He genuinely wanted to know how the young girl in Gimli carried off the blue ribbon at the fall fair for her pickle relish. His enthusiasms were never forced, his compliments never rehearsed.

In the very early going of my tenure, the differences between the veteran and the new voice became embarrassingly obvious. He was warm and cuddly. I was edgy and confrontational. He was rural, small town Canada. I was urban, big-ugly city. He was Uncle Friendly. I was Mister Meanie. When I was fired at the end of the first season, it was something of a relief.

Radio can reveal a lot or a little about a person depending on the confluence of a number of variables. The inflection in the voice, the response to a dumb answer, the pitch and texture of the way you read a script. Everything is nuanced, and it is the relationship between the listener and the host that makes those nuances accessible and understandable. In his years behind the mike, Peter revealed a lot about the

country and his love of it and his knowledge of it. But he didn't reveal an awful lot about himself.

Warm, engaged and affectionate on the radio, off-air he could be brusque, aloof, remote. In fact he was extremely shy. When I first met him, I was surprised at his physical mannerisms. I had expected him to stride down the hall in big lusty steps, swinging his arms and smiling broadly. In fact, he kind of shambled, shoulders hunched, head down, walking like a man wearing slippers.

Peter was highly competitive, even in his personal relations. He would bet on anything—a football game, a horse race, a by-election or the date of the first snowfall. One afternoon we were drinking at the Red Lion, the watering hole across the street from the clapped-out old CBC Radio building in Toronto. Peter asked me if I was any good at shooting pool. As a certified high-school dropout who spent many afternoons in smoky halls, I allowed as how I was not unfamiliar with the game. "Let's bet," he said. We agreed on $50 a game. I beat him four straight.



Repairing to the bar, Peter was obviously distressed. "Let's cut cards for the $200. Double or nothing." I had never won $200 at anything in my life and wasn't eager to let it go. But he pushed and we cut the cards. I lost the $200, then a further $200. I learned not to bet with him again.

Peter and I were colleagues, not friends. He was a complicated man, hard to know and not given to confessional conversations. When we talked, it was rarely about radio but mostly about our days in newspapers. He loved newspapers and he loved the newspaper life. In his heart he felt himself to be a writer.

But his lasting magic was on the radio. It was formed in the little boy from the small Ontario town who hit the big city with ambition, grit, impatience, talent and intelligence. He made new trails, new pathways through the thicket, and like a little boy yelled over his shoulder, "C'mon, you guys, follow me." As Dizzy Gillespie said of Louis Armstrong after his death: "No him, no me." m

IN SEARCH OF CANADA'S HEARTLAND

At *Maclean's*, Gzowski wrote wistfully about the Prairies

One reason Peter Gzowski was so effective in speaking to other Canadians was that he knew—first-hand—where so many live. In 1964, he wrote about Saskatchewan, one of his favourite provinces, in a piece for Maclean's *called "A Report From the Changing Heartland of Canada." The following excerpt reflects his knowledge and fondness for that province—and the country at large.*

I realize that anyone who was there will find this a pretty naive thing to say, but I sometimes wish I had lived in—or at least got to know—Saskatchewan in the 1930s. The time I did live there was in 1957. I went to Moose Jaw in March, to take up a job on the local newspaper. During the three or four years before that I had worked and lived in most parts of the country, from Labrador to Kitimat, and I had begun to form some ideas about the size and shape of Canada. I wondered if the piece that was missing, the prairie, was the most important one of all. Nor since Alexis de Tocqueville has anyone attempted to understand America—the United States—without peering into its "heartland," the great Midwest. But for some reason no one has ever examined *our* heartland as the same sort of touchstone to a nation, and I thought it would be interesting to have a look for myself.



The people of Saskatchewan seem to be close to the land in a way that no other non-French Canadians are, and the reason I am in some ways sorry I missed the Prairies of the 1930s is that the legacy of those years was, in 1957, one I couldn't share. No one who had not been there in the '30s—who couldn't say, 'My son was four years old before he saw rain,' and then smile ruefully—could ever really feel a part of the province in the 1950s. The dust and poverty of the Depression—a Depression that was a distant memory in the east by the middle '50s—had drawn its veterans together like the survivors of a foreign war. I remember talking during the federal election campaign of 1957 to a jolly farm matron from around Swift Current. "I still can't see a dust cloud anywhere without feeling terrified," she said. The prairie holds in common with the sea the power to mold human beings.

A thing I want to say about the Canadian heartland is how completely Canadian it is, at least in the sense that it is not American. Nearly every other important population centre in Canada is twinned by geography to a large American city. Vancouver-Seattle, Toronto-Buffalo, etc. Calgary and Edmonton have imported enough Americans not to have to go anywhere to hear someone ask for *cawfee*. But if you drive due south from Regina the distance between Saint John, N.B., and Boston, you end up on the outskirts of Ismay, Mont. Consequently you do not drive due south. If a Regina housewife wants to go to a larger city to shop, she is much more likely to go to Winnipeg or Calgary than to St. Paul. A by-product of this isolation is that no U.S. television reaches the province, and scarcely any U.S. radio, the most important cultural influence on Saskatchewan over the past few decades has probably been CBK, the powerful CBC radio station with, as anyone who has lived in the province for any time at all can recite, "studios in Regina and transmitter at Watrous." U.S. newspapers are as rare as mountains in Saskatchewan, and only the most popular magazines are on the newsstands. And when a trend like the anti-egghead ism of the early 1950s sweeps the United States—even though, as that particular one did, it seems to have its motherlode in the American Midwest—Saskatchewan can remain untouched, and Canadian

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QUEEN of Clean

As the caretaker of royal treasures, Kate Frame helps keep the houses of Windsor well-preserved

BY IAN CRUICKSHANK

Kate Frame feels their presence at night, when she is working late and the mist rising off the Thames River shrouds the Tower of London. Restless spectres—perhaps Henry VI, who was murdered in the Tower in 1471, or the tragic Anne Boleyn, whose husband, Henry VIII, had her beheaded there in 1536. As a guardian of the crown jewels and thousands of other priceless artifacts in the Tower, Frame has daily contact with the march of royal history—a saga that will turn another chapter on June 4, when Queen Elizabeth II makes her way past the crowds on her way to St. Paul's Cathedral for a thanksgiving service marking the 50th anniversary of her accession to the throne. Frame will be watching closely. "It does feel," the Vancouver native says, "like you are just part of the continuum of time."



Ben Margot—AP/Sipa Stock

Head of Conservation Housekeeping for the Royal Palaces, Frame's title, which in one form or another stretches back three centuries, carries lineage and authority. Not to mention responsibility—she's only too aware that as the anniversary celebrations gather momentum, the Queen's treasures will be on display as never before. Walking down a long hallway at Kensington Palace, fretting over the wear-and-tear hundreds of thousands of extra tourists will inflict on the buildings under her care (she hates chewing gum and shoe grit), Frame suddenly stops in front of a 314 year-old painting of one of her predecessors, Katherine Elliot, a middle-aged woman with piercing eyes and strong hands. "I have some of the keys she used too," she says in a voice filled with awe.

In earlier times, the head housekeeper possessed the keys to almost any door in the royal households. Today, as well as the Tower of London and Kensington Palace, Frame is responsible for three other historic royal palaces, all in the greater London area. Hampton Court Palace, Kew Palace and the Banqueting House at Whitehall. The five sites, maintained by the Historic Royal Palaces trust (which employs Frame), have witnessed momentous events in British history, and are now home to an important part of the Queen's spectacular art collection. Palaces still occupied by the Royal family, including Windsor Castle, are run separately by the Queen's household.

Frame has the final word on such mundane tasks as keeping the floors clean and changing the light bulbs; she can work a mop and pail like a deckhand and dispense tips on everything from removing water marks to choosing the finest furniture polish. But the housekeeper moniker is misleading. Frame, who admits to being in her early 40s, is actually a world-class conservator, combining a knowledge of archeology, art history, chemistry and

computer science to shield the Queen's possessions—jewels, paintings by the likes of Bruegel, Correggio and Titian, priceless antiques—against the ravages of time. "My main job," says Frame, "is to stop the things that could put the objects at risk."

One of six children raised by a stay-at-home mom and a farher who was an engineer, Frame began her journey to the royal treasure trove as a fine arts student at the University of British Columbia in the late 1970s. While at UBC, she took a year off to study French in Paris. Taking an art restoration tour of the Louvre, Frame was bitten by the conservation bug. "I was curious about art history and I've always loved museums," she says. "I didn't like working so I couldn't imagine getting what I classify as a 'real' job, where you have real adult things to do. I thought this would be great fun."



Katherine Elliot, one of Frame's 17th-century predecessors

After graduating from UBC in 1981, Frame went on to the University of London to study conservation. She then returned to Canada and, in the mid 1980s, was hired to head up Heritage Toronto's new conservation department. A decade later, opportunity came calling again when a conservator friend in Vancouver phoned and said, "Have I got a job for you!" It was London. Frame hurried off her application and, after an interview, received the keys to the kingdom in November, 1998. Now overseeing a staff of 12, Frame has offices in Kensington Palace in central London and another on the outskirts of the city at Hampton Court Palace, which for much of the 16th and 17th centuries was one of royalty's favourite places (three of Henry VIII's six honeymoons were spent there).

Although she works in palaces, Frame rarely meets any royalty. Instead, much of her day is spent in meetings, with architectural surveyors, curators, cleaners and the like. Her expertise is wide-ranging: one minute she can be approving the correct adhesives for stabilizing the cracking on gilt wood furniture, the next, planning a computer program to monitor humidity or writing procedures to ensure that guests attending banquets don't spill red wine on 16th-century tapestries (under an edict issued by Frame, red wine can now only be served at banquets to people who are seated). "I'd have to say it's become an all-consuming job," she says in a tone of both resignation and pride.

Part of her challenge is visitors—millions of them, tracking in dirt, leaving behind chewing gum, as they wind their way through the buildings almost every day of the week. Many are no longer content to stand reverentially behind a velvet rope, she points out, instead, they can be careless around priceless objects. "People are quite informal," says Frame, momentarily taking on the role of a stern schoolmistress. "They now carry knapsacks and strollers and can knock things over very easily." Then she laughs, and adds, "But we are happy to have them."

Her most high-profile annual assignment is assisting in cleaning the crown jewels, which have been on public display in the Tower of London since the 17th century. But one of Frame's most important projects is the upcoming review of the legendary ceiling canvasses at the Banqueting House—the building is all that remains of the Palace of Whitehall complex after a fire in 1698. It was the site of a pivotal moment in British history: on the afternoon of Jan. 30, 1649, King Charles I was led through the Banquering House to where a window had been removed on the north staircase. With a thousand subjects looking on from below, the King quietly laid his head on the block and a masked executioner, with one blow of his axe, severed his head, ending the Civil War and temporarily halting the rule of the British monarchy.

Today, Banqueting House is remembered not only for Charles's bloody death but also for the ceiling paintings that, in 1630, he commissioned Sir Peter Paul Rubens to paint. "They are some of the most important paintings in England," Frame says simply. The nine canvases—two of the largest measure nine by six metres—celebrate the life of James I, Charles's father. Painted in Antwerp between 1630 and 1634, they were finally installed in Banqueting House in March 1636.

But now there are problems. "The unfortunate thing about these paintings is that they were actually laminated onto plywood in the 1970s," reveals Frame with a shudder in her voice, explaining that the adhesive material in the plywood might cause rotting over time. But now, removing the paintings could damage them even more. Time—and outdated techniques—are not the only enemy of the royal treasures, says Frame, pointing to moth holes in a pair of floor-to-ceiling drapes at Kensington Palace. "We have a war on pests," she says, admitting that she prefers mice to moths. "The mice are more controllable."

Frame says she has regular meetings with the London Fire Brigade—one result of the major blazes that broke out at Hampton Court Palace in 1986 and Windsor Castle in 1992. If a fire were to strike Kensington Palace now, Frame says she has already been given orders about what is to be rescued first. With so much to worry about, it's perhaps not surprising that Frame, who is single, admits that her own home wouldn't pass royal muster. "Oh no—I'm a slob and I don't collect any objects," she says. "I live in a 20th-century flat and am quite happy not working at home." With five palaces to look after, who can blame her?

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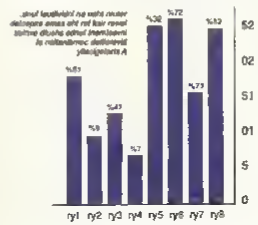
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GOLDEN sovereign

After 50 years on the throne, the Queen remains committed to the continuation of the family firm

BY PATRICIA TREBLE

Her majesty's a pretty nice girl,
but she doesn't have a lot to say.
Her majesty's a pretty nice girl,
but she changes from day to day.

I want to tell her that I love her a lot,
but I gotta get a bellyful of wine
Her majesty's a pretty nice girl,
some day I'm gonna make her mine,
oh yeah, some day I'm gonna make her mine
-Beatles, *Abbey Road*

Queen Elizabeth II is the star of The Greatest Show On Earth, the still centre from which all the rest of the royal panoply radiates. But as she approaches her Golden Jubilee on Feb. 6, the 50th anniversary of her accession to the throne, Elizabeth remains the same enigma Paul McCartney sang about 33 years ago. The same successful enigma. Over the course of Elizabeth's lengthy reign—only four of her 39 predecessors since William the Conqueror in 1066 ruled longer—Britain and its former empire have changed almost beyond recognition, not least in deference toward royalty. And on every side, from her politically incorrect husband Philip to her pot-smoking grandson Harry, family members have sparked a series of crises, large and small. But Elizabeth herself, with her iron self-discipline and shrewdly timed accommodations with modernity, has brought the monarchy safely into the 21st century.



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The most photographed woman in the world has never granted a media interview, never, in public act or word, done anything remotely controversial—even when it seemed her children and their spouses were doing little else. Nor does the Queen merely endure her troubles. When public dissatisfaction with the tabloid-fodder antics of her children reached a new peak in 1992, Elizabeth's self-described personal *annus horribilis*, she acted to defuse much of the anger by agreeing to pay income tax. Both the Queen's stiff upper lip and her willingness to compromise when her back is to the wall flow from her lifelong devotion to two causes. Elizabeth is dedicated to her role as constitutional monarch—famously defined as someone who would sign his or her own death warrant should it be lawfully presented—and to the continuation of the Windsor family firm.

It's likely the Queen does not distinguish between the two. Princess Elizabeth Alexandra Mary entered the rarefied world of British royalty on April 21, 1926, third in line to the throne behind her uncle Edward, Prince of Wales, and her father. But there was no reason to view her as a future monarch. Edward, after all, was expected to marry and have his own family. Failing that, Elizabeth's 25-year-old mother—then the Duchess of York, now the Queen Mother—would surely give birth to a son next time around. Still, interest in King George V's eldest granddaughter was intense. Girls around the world immediately copied anything worn by Elizabeth and her younger sister, Margaret, who was born in 1930. The attention left its mark. Even as a toddler, she was serious and reserved. After meeting the 2½-year-old Elizabeth, Winston Churchill told his wife that she "has an air of authority and reflectiveness astonishing in an infant."

Elizabeth was just 9 when the death of George V in January, 1936, plunged the monarchy as a whole into an annus horribilis. The new king, Edward VIII, may have worried his father—"After I am gone, the boy will ruin himself in 12 months," George V once remarked. But Edward's subjects adored him, at least at first. Young, handsome and seemingly sympathetic to the plight of Depression-era Britain, he came to the throne in a burst of popular enthusiasm. (His Canadian subjects, too, were delighted with him on his first royal trip abroad, to France to dedicate the Vimy Ridge monument to Canada's Great War dead.) Approval cooled, however.

Edward was in love with an American, Wallis Simpson, soon to be divorced from her second husband. He was determined to marry her, but political leaders were firmly opposed to the idea of a divorcee as queen. In the end, King George was only a month off in his prediction. On Dec. 11



Hulton Getty/Lisa Larsen/Life

At Westminster Abbey on her wedding day, Nov. 20, 1947

putting his personal happiness above his royal duty, Edward abdicated. The crown fell on the unprepared head of his brother, George VI. A nervous man afflicted with a terrible stammer, and a heavy smoker prone to ill health, the new king did have one powerful asset. His sense of responsibility to the damaged monarchy was absolute, a devotion to duty he also instilled in Princess Elizabeth, now heir presumptive to the greatest empire in the world.

It was the formative event in Elizabeth's life. She witnessed what happened when a monarch put his own desires ahead of his duty to country and empire. She saw how hard her parents worked to restore the crown's reputation during her father's 15-year reign. Royal visits to France, Canada and the United States in the late 1930s helped shore up desperately needed support for the looming war with Germany. When the bombs started dropping on London, the children were sent to the relative safety of Windsor Castle—where the princess learned how to strip and service truck engines in the Auxiliary Transport Service—but the king and queen stayed behind. Elizabeth II has never wavered from her father's example. "I declare that my whole life, whether it be long or short, shall be devoted to your service," she promised in her 21st birthday radio message to the Commonwealth.

Shortly afterwards, George VI gave his permission for Elizabeth to marry Prince Philip of Greece. Elizabeth had been in love with Philip, her third cousin and five years her senior, since they first met when she was 13. Through letters and occasional visits, their relationship grew throughout the war. George VI wasn't enamoured with the young British naval officer—too foreign and too poor for his beloved daughter. But Elizabeth, as stubborn as her parents, stood her ground. When some questioned the princess's youth, her grandmother, Queen Mary, retorted that Elizabeth "would always know her own mind. There's something very steadfast and determined in her."

The wedding, on Nov. 20, 1947, in Westminster Abbey, was a splash of colour for bleak post-war Britain. The bride wore a silk gown embroidered with York roses and star flowers. The groom, now the Duke of Edinburgh, wore his naval uniform. Prince Charles was born a year later, and Princess Anne arrived in 1950. But domestic life outside the royal epicentre was brief. In 1951, the king was diagnosed with lung cancer. That fall, on a wildly successful tour of Canada, Elizabeth carried a draft Accession Declaration in her luggage. On Jan. 31, 1952, the entire royal family went to the airport to see Elizabeth and Philip leave for another extensive journey. Bareheaded in the cold, biting wind, George waved a final goodbye to his daughter. A week later, on Feb. 6, he died in his sleep at the royal palace of Sandringham. The new monarch was, at the time, on the platform of a giant fig tree in Kenya watching the wild animals below. She was just 25 years old.

Elizabeth II wept for her father, but it was Philip who "looked as if you'd dropped half the world on him," according to his private secretary Michael Parker. His naval career was over. Elizabeth, usually accompanied by her husband, began her tireless rounds of state visits, walkabouts, tree plantings, hospital openings and speeches around the world. Last year, a decade past normal retirement age, she undertook 407 engagements. The Queen still spends hours every day, except Christmas and Easter, working on the official documents from Commonwealth nations that follow her everywhere stuffed in red-leather boxes. And every Tuesday, the British prime minister visits her. Former Tory prime minister Harold Macmillan spoke of Elizabeth's encyclopedic knowledge of government, and her interest in the latest political gossip. Macmillan was the third of the Queen's 10 British prime ministers—the latest, Tony Blair, was born while the first, Winston Churchill, was in office. (Nine Canadians, from Louis St. Laurent to Jean Chrétien, have served her.)



Jo Ann C Hayes/CP Archives

With Chretien in St. John's, Nfld., June, 1997

Something had to give in such a life and, in the traditional uppet class fashion, it turned out to be the children. When Elizabeth came to the throne, they were left largely in the hands of nannies and their grandmother. Page after page of Charles's authorized 1994 biography, *The Prince of Wales*, opens a window on a troubled life, including his confession that he did not love Diana Spencer when he married her in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1981 as a dazzled television audience of millions watched. That fairy-tale match ended in divorce, of course—a year before Diana's 1997 death in a Paris tunnel brought an unprecedented worldwide tide of grief.

Charles is not alone. While Prince Edward and Sophie Rhys-Jones have been married for 2½ years, the princes' sister Anne, is now in her second marriage. And the match of their brother, Andrew, with Sarah Ferguson crashed spectacularly. But private happiness clearly sits well below duty on the Queen's list of values. Whatever sympathy or anguish she may have felt during her children's embarrassingly public marital disasters, it was only after they began to threaten the monarchy's continuing existence that Elizabeth acted—finally writing both Charles and Diana in 1995 that it was time to divorce.

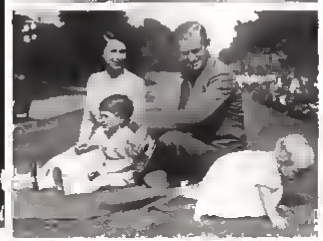
What the world at large sees is not a cold or distressed mother or even a savvy political player, but a five-foot, three-inch senior citizen performing her ceremonial duties in the royal uniform. The style was set in the first decade of Elizabeth's reign and has changed little. During the day her clothes are bright—often print dresses under plainer coats. Hats match the outfits and never obscure her face. There is always a handbag much too big for the eyeglasses and lipstick inside. Gloves are usually white. And then there is the jewellery. A pearl necklace, most likely the three-strander from her grandfather, George V. Brooches include an eye-catching array of family heirlooms, including "Granny's Chips," a 94.4-carat diamond hanging from a square-cut stone of 64 carats.

Much of that will be on display more than usual this year, during a spectacular round of Golden Jubilee parades, pageants and royal tours throughout the Commonwealth, including a 12-day visit to Canada in October. Through it all Her Majesty, as always, will be working hard. m

Photos: this page, to outward from top, left: Ben Cisler/AP Archives; Hulton Archive/Getty Images; CP Archives; Novosti; Hulton Archive/Getty Images; Hulton Archive/Getty Images; Hulton Archive/Getty Images; (Centre, top) Hulton Archive/Getty Images; (centre) AP Archives



















'WE MUST WAKE UP'

Michael Ignatieff reflects on Canada's place in the post-Sept. 11 world

The uproar over U.S.-held captives from the Afghanistan war continued last week, with the European Union adding its voice to demands they be granted prisoner-of-war status. So far, Washington has refused, holding the men as "unlawful combatants"—thereby depriving them of the protection of the Geneva Convention. Last week, the U.S. did temporarily suspend the transfer of more prisoners to its naval base at Guantánamo Bay in Cuba—a photo of one group showed the men kneeling in shackles, ears and eyes covered, shortly after arrival. But American officials continued to say the prisoners are being treated humanely (among other things, captives are provided with copies of the Koran and have a diet that includes beef stew, bagels and Fruit Loops).

For Canada, whose troops in Afghanistan will be operating under U.S. command, the prisoners' debate is particularly acute, raising questions of Canadian sovereignty and human rights. In Toronto last week, Maclean's Editor Anthony Wilson-Smith spoke to Michael Ignatieff, 54, about the shape of the world—and Canada's place in it. The Toronto-born Ignatieff, whose academic achievements include a Ph.D. from Harvard, is considered one of the world's foremost thinkers about such issues as global human rights and nationalism. He spent many years in England before becoming director of the Carr Center of Human Rights Policy at Harvard in 2000. Excerpts

Maclean's: *Some people define Sept. 11 and its aftermath as the start of a clash of civilizations. Do you agree?*

Ignatieff: We're not facing a clash of civilizations. Was it Pogo who said, "We've met the enemy, and they are us?" We've got trusted, respected members of our community of Islamic origin. The clash of civilizations ignores the fact that people belong to both civilizations. We've been drawn into a civil war within the Arab world, which is something completely different. Osama bin Laden's main target is getting the Americans out of Saudi Arabia. It's a conflict waged in the heart of the Saudi regime.

Maclean's: *You've pointed out in the past that we shouldn't presume people who come here from other countries automatically put aside past prejudices.*

Ignatieff: Canadians tell themselves two myths. One is that we're a little, peaceful country, safe from the turbulence of the world. That's never been true. We're as vulnerable as anyone else, and our great-grandfathers and grandfathers understood this, in some ways better than we do. People went off to fight in the First World War and the Second World War, and understood that our security is indivisible. We're on the front line of a war without borders, without frontiers and without ends, so we've got to wake up.

Myth number 2 is that we're a haven in a heartless world, and immigrants come to our shores and leave their hatreds behind. In fact, immigrants have always brought their hatreds with them. My family is no different. I'm from Russian immigrants—my parents hated the Soviet tyranny, and I think they were right to. A multicultural society also has dual loyalties, this sense that we care as much about other places far away as we do about our own. There is tyranny and oppression, hatred and violence all over the world, and we can't expect Canadians who've arrived from these places to shed their passions and convictions on these matters. But what we can ask them is, don't fund terror, period. And if you do, you're going to get in trouble with Canadian law.

Maclean's: *When you look at multiculturalism, where does the growing Islamic presence in Canada fit in?*

Ignatieff: America is waking up to the reality that it now may have more citizens who profess Islam as their faith than Judaism. That will, in the long term, change foreign policy in the United States, and it will change the identity of the U.S. The same will happen in Canada.

Maclean's: *How do you judge the Canadian response post-Sept. 11?*

Ignatieff: We're living in a world that looks a lot like the late Roman Empire. The barbarians have just got through the gates, and they've sacked Rome. And the effect is to make everybody suddenly aware that we live in the empire. Canada is a tributary state of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. And that is having very substantial effects on our identity. Suddenly our border is in question. The Americans can simply slow down the crossing points, and the Canadian economy breaks down. Suddenly, our capacity to define who gets into our country is integrated into an imperial system of controls directed at international terror. Our sovereignty is on the table in ways that I don't think it ever has been in our lifetime. No wonder Canadians are worried—at a time when we all feel that 9/11 was directed not at something called the Americans but, in a sense, at every one of us. We all feel suddenly extremely vulnerable.

The Canadian identity is being squeezed both ways. The feeling we've got, if we're an imperial tributary, is that we'd better get close to the empire, with the equal sense



A world, says Ignatieff, like the late days of the Roman Empire—barbarians and all

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'I don't regard their treatment as some example of the brutality of the American empire'

that as we do so, we lose crucial parts of our sovereignty. We suddenly realize that the coinage of sovereignty is military power. Canada made the mistake of assuming that we could have sovereignty without substantial military expenditure. That illusion is over. We must wake up and make some public policy choices.

Maclean's: *Would you turn over any prisoners from Afghanistan to the Americans under present conditions?*

Ignatieff: What I would say is missing from that debate is two facts. One is that if these prisoners weren't in Guantánamo, and if they had been in the custody of the Northern Alliance, they would probably be dead. Secondly, these are dangerous individuals. I don't regard their treatment as some example of the basic brutality and immorality of the American empire.

What is wrong is their unclear juridical status. It's very important that they be accorded the protections of the Geneva Convention, and I believe they will be. I also believe that the Americans' military tribunals have discovered from domestic reaction that it's better to proceed with criminal procedure in civilian courts.

Maclean's: *How do you feel about Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan serving under American command?*

Ignatieff: I'm not sure what we're doing there—there's a kind of me-tooism to the Canadian reaction. We've been a leader in peacekeeping, and now we're a follower in the post-peacekeeping world. This isn't the kind of world where Lester Pearson made his reputation—we haven't developed the military doctrine or capability to adapt to that world, and Canadians haven't woken up to that. Every Afghan says the same thing: we need security, and we can't provide it ourselves. If Canadian troops can provide just basic security at markets and towns and the long roads between cities, great. If they become just another barbarian division that serves alongside the imperial legions, I don't know what we're doing. We have to have independent capacity to deploy troops where we think they're necessary, and that means providing security for the Afghans.

Maclean's: *Now that you're back in North America, how does Canada look?*

Ignatieff: My wife and I drove from Thunder Bay to Vancouver last summer, and it's still the most beautiful country on earth. But small-town, family-farm Canada is in trouble. And in urban Canada, we haven't woken up to the fact that what makes us distinctive is that we're the "public good" country—we have great airports, great public transport, great urban services, great welfare state, great health care. And we're under-funding our identity. There's better public goods investment in the United States. I have a sense of a country that has been living off the capital of the post-war era, the King-St. Laurent-Pearson-Trudeau years, which built this independent Canada. And that capital's running down. m

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PART 1



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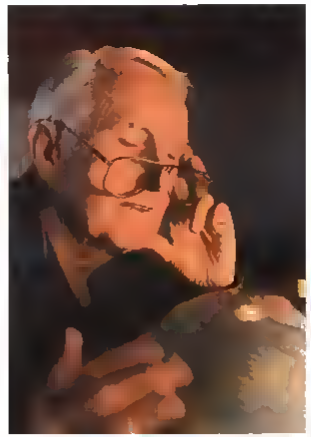
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Keep Your Investment Objectives on a **Steady Course**

A zig-zag course is a valid anti-submarine tactic for ships, but unless you're a trader who makes transactions every day, having an investment plan that zig-zags can be dangerous. Instead, you should maintain a steady heading regardless of market moves.



Don't Act on Emotion

A case in point: people who panicked and sold their stocks when trading resumed after 9/11 missed the subsequent bounce. Under these circumstances, most would have been better served by sticking with the investment objectives they'd set before the tragedy occurred.

Defining your investment objectives should reflect your own particular circumstances, such as your age or your comfort with stock market risk. For example, if you're in your 20s or 30s and accumulating assets for retirement, you can accept more volatility and invest heavily for growth. In a case like this, a sharp decline in the market can be an opportunity. By putting cash to work when the market is down, you can often end up with more when the market recovers, since, historically, falling markets are always followed by rising markets.

On the other hand, if you're retired or approaching retirement, it makes sense to keep a portion of your portfolio in income-producing assets, which tend to be less volatile than growth assets. Avoid volatile assets if you think you may have to withdraw money from your retirement nest egg when the market is down.

Keep in mind that specific investment terms like "aggressive" or "conservative" mean different things to different people at different ages. A portfolio with 30 per cent fixed income might seem conservative for a 25-year-old but aggressive for an octogenarian who draws income from that portfolio.

Look at Your Time Horizon

If you're going to need some of your savings sooner than later, invest conservatively. For instance, if you'll need your funds to pay school tuition next September or to make a down-payment on a home later this year, preserving capital should be your primary concern and should guide your choice of investments. In situations like these, money-market funds are a good choice.

Consider Your Personality

If following the markets on a daily basis or making trading decisions based on your broker's recommendations makes you nervous, look for less stressful options such as a portfolio of mutual funds or a wrap account that uses several professional managers. Wrap accounts, where you pay an annual fee based on the value of your holdings instead of trading commissions, are offered by most investment dealers. You'll still have to monitor your position each quarter, but at least you won't be put in the position of keeping on top of everything on a daily basis.

Use Low Interest Rates to **Your Advantage**

Make the most of low interest rates while you can. Many borrowing rates are at their lowest levels in a generation. The prime business rate charged by Canada's banks, for instance, at 3.75 per cent in mid-January, was at its lowest level since the federal government established the Bank of Canada in 1935. Most banks offer a variable-rate residential mortgage equal to or below the prime rate.

The rate you'll pay on a line of credit is also tied to the prime business rate and generally set at "prime plus," with the "plus" determined by an assessment of your particular circumstances. The exception to falling rates are credit card rates. Many issuers set them at 18 per cent or higher. If you have an unpaid balance, consider applying for a line of credit and using it to pay that balance off.

If you're borrowing to buy a house, you have a choice of terms for which the rate is fixed, from one year to five. Some institutions offer seven-year terms and at least one, the Royal Bank, offers 10- and 25-year terms. Shorter-term rates are generally lower than longer-term rates.

Which should you choose? That depends on where you see rates moving over the next year or so, and whether you have enough of an income cushion.





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Residental Mortgage Rates
As of Jan 16, 2002

Term	Rate
Variable	3.75%
One-year Closed	4.35%
Two-year Closed	5.05%
Three-year Closed	5.25%
Four-year Closed	6.55%
Five-year Closed	6.85%

Source: Royal Bank of Canada

to tolerate a rise in interest rates and their attendant higher payments

If you feel that interest rates will remain where they are, continue to fall or rise only moderately near term, choose a variable-rate mortgage Conversely, if you consider the current rate situation temporary and think that rates will increase in the near future, lock into a longer-term rate

Bear in mind that a lot can happen In a single year In December 2000, the prime lending rate was 7.50 per cent and the five-year mortgage rate was 7.95 per cent. As of mid-January, 2002, prime was 3.75 and the five-year rate was about 6.85

Most mortgages are amortized over a 25-year term In other words, your mortgage will be paid off after 25 years When your mortgage comes up for renewal, your lending institution will adjust your payments up or down, depending on your renewal rate, to maintain that amortization period In the case of some variable-rate mortgages, the payment is fixed and the amortization period will change depending on the portion of the payment available to reduce the principal amount outstanding

Low rates also mean that fixed-income investors are earning less Five-year GIC rates at major financial institutions in early January ranged from 3.425 per cent to 4.25 per cent depending on the institution GICs remain the first if not only choice for people whose primary investment objective is preservation of capital and who require Canada Deposit Insurance Corporation protection

If you're willing to accept some risk, there are about two dozen high-yield bond funds that strive to get high returns by investing in lower-quality debt securities

Finding the Right **Financial Adviser**

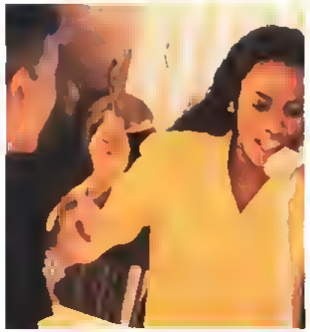
Finding a financial adviser seems as if it should be easy enough After all, there are tens of thousands of people working across Canada as stockbrokers, mutual fund salespeople, insurance agents and brokers, and financial planners Finding the right financial adviser for you, however, will almost certainly involve a bit of work on your part—and that includes asking lots of questions

First, you have to decide what you want to achieve Your personal circumstances will dictate the type of adviser you need and whether you need a detailed financial plan. You may want your total situation reviewed just to make sure that you've covered the basics, including such matters as budgeting, cash management, retirement savings, investment strategy and estate planning. In that case, you might be best off with a fee-for-service financial planner who will review your overall plan for you These kinds of professionals don't generally sell financial products

Alternatively, you could pick a financial planner who earns his or her money from commissions on any investments or other financial products you buy

If, on the other hand, you're looking for help in a specific area such as investments, insurance or estate planning, you'll want someone who specializes in that area

In all cases, seek out people with the right credentials For example, if you want a comprehensive financial plan, your best bet is someone who has earned one of the financial planning designations awarded by various segments of the financial services industry The CFP, or Certified Financial Planner, awarded by the Financial Planners Standards Council is internationally recognized In Quebec, advisers must hold a certificate from the



Bureau des services financiers to practice financial planning and use the title Fin Pl The Canadian Securities Institute's financial planning designation is Financial Management Advisor (FMA) The Institute of Canadian Bankers issues the PFP or Personal Financial Planner designation to people who successfully complete its financial-planning courses

When choosing a financial planner, it's often useful to ask friends and colleagues for referrals. Regardless of what designation a candidate has, you





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should question him or her to see whether your needs are truly understood. And the questioning shouldn't be one-sided. For example, anyone who sells securities must by law get enough information about you so that they fully understand what investments are suitable for you and make only those recommendations that meet those suitability requirements. Some will use terms like "moderate growth" and "medium risk." Make sure your interpretation of the terms is the same as the adviser's.

Insurance can be complicated too. Any agent or broker you deal with should review your situation to fully understand what your life and disability insurance requirements are. He or she should be able to explain your options and alternatives in detail as well as their relative costs and why a specific policy or policies best meet your needs.

It's common for people to use more than one kind of financial planning professional, each a specialist in a different field. For instance, you might have one person advising you on your investments and a second advising you on life insurance pertaining to estate planning. You might also have an accountant to help you with tax matters and you might have a lawyer. Often, two or more professionals will have to work together to help you meet your objectives.

Do It Yourself

If you have the skills and desire to make your own investment decisions, find a dealer that allows you to deal direct and save on commission. For example, using the Royal Bank's Action Direct (**www.actiondirect.com**), you can deal online through NetAction or through its automated phone system, TelAction. If neither is available, you can speak with a live investment representative on the phone for a slightly higher fee.

Insurance for Individuals with **Health Problems**



Having health problems or unique circumstances doesn't mean you have to forego life or disability insurance. Many insurance companies routinely issue policies to people they rate as "substandard risk." You may pay a premium that is several times higher than someone else your age and gender who is in good health. Whether a company accepts or declines your application, and the price you pay, depends on your specific situation and often on how your unique circumstances are presented to the company by an insurance agent or broker.

It's wise to deal with an agent or broker who has experience dealing with people in situations similar to yours and who knows which companies are more likely to issue a policy to them. He or she will provide you with one or more applications—it's quite common to apply to more than one company to get the best rate—and review each question with you. In some cases, the agent will ask you to fill out a second form that asks more detailed questions about a condition disclosed on the main application. Bear in mind that you must fully disclose your medical information and history—an insurer can and will void a policy if it subsequently discovers that incorrect information was provided. The agent will also complete a report that provides the insurance company with information that might help it better understand your health and financial situation.

Once the insurance company receives the application, an underwriter will review the material. In some cases requesting further information, including medical reports. He or she may also request that you undergo a special medical before making a decision to issue a policy and, if so, at what premium.

Smoking, heart disease and weight problems are three factors that will have an impact on the premium an insurer will charge. However, an individual who has had a heart attack but has quit smoking, exercises regularly and watches his or her diet will pay a lot less than someone who has not changed his or her lifestyle. Your insurance agent or broker can be instrumental in collecting the information that convinces the underwriter to give you a better rating. For instance, he or she can collect proof that you're a regular participant in a physical fitness



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At times like this, it's good to know about times like this.

If there's one thing we've learned over 34 years of investing experience, it's that the successful principles of investing never change, even when the times do. A long-term approach, asset allocation, and a diversified portfolio will always be the best ways to build financial independence. In any period. Speak to your financial advisor or visit mackenziefinancial.com

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program or other information that indicates you have your health problems under control.

Sometimes even an experienced agent or broker will seek outside help and deal with another broker who specializes is this area. One such specialist is Michael A Taylor, brokerage manager with Hunter McCorquodale Inc. in Toronto. He works with brokers who have clients with risks that most insurers won't cover. For instance, he deals with companies that will provide disability insurance for entertainers or for business people who intend to work outside Canada for several years—risks many companies decline to take. He also works with brokers in structuring disability insurance components for severance packages, a policy that protects people during the time they are seeking new employment.

Splitting Income to **Reduce Taxes**

Reducing taxes payable is an objective of every family. One way to achieve this is to shift income from a family member with a high marginal tax rate to another family member with a lower marginal rate. However, you can't simply lend the member with the lower income capital to invest. Attribution rules require that investment income be taxed in the hands of the person who provided the capital, but there are some things you can do provided you take the time to do your planning.

Start with your household budget. The spouse with the higher income should pay the major portion of household expenses so that both spouses have capital for investment purposes.

For longer-term income splitting, consider a spousal RRSP, in which the spouse with the higher income makes an RRSP contribution to a plan for the other spouse. The contributor gets the tax deduction while the other spouse gets the plan and is taxed on withdrawals during retirement. The objective is to get two streams of investment income on which the taxes paid will be less than if there were a single stream of retirement income. Note that spousal plans should not be used as short-term savings programs. If the owner of a spousal plan cashes in any RRSPs in the year in which the spousal plan contribution was made or in the following two years, the amounts withdrawn will be taxed as the contributor's income.

If you qualify for Canada Child Tax Benefit payments and you want to set the funds aside for the child's long-term use, invest the payments in the child's name. The income on the payments will be taxed as the child's, which in most cases will mean the income will be tax-free.

If you have a business, you can pay your spouse or children reasonable amounts for work performed. You not only split income doing this, but you provide them with income from which they can make their own RRSP payments. Of course, you must keep proper records as you would for any expense.

You can save for your children's education using an RESP, where any income earned in the plan will grow untaxed. Moreover, the government will pay into the plan a Canada Education Savings Grant of 20 per cent of the first $2,000 of annual contributions. When income is withdrawn, it is reported by the child on his or her tax return.

If you lend your adult children funds interest-free for investment purposes, the income will be taxable as yours. However, if you lend your adult children funds interest-free to buy a home, there are no tax consequences. Similarly, you can give funds to children 18 and over without tax consequences. But if you give funds to your spouse for investment purposes, you will pay the tax on the income at your marginal tax rate.

If your spouse borrows funds from the bank for investment purposes and you guarantee the loan, the capital will still be considered yours. But if the spouse can arrange the loan without your guarantee, the attribution rules don't apply.

Watch for Part 2 of FinancialLife, packed with timely information including last-minute RRSP ideas and portfolio-diversification tips, in late February





Business

The diving loonie

How much lower can our beleaguered dollar go?

BY JULIAN BELTRAME In Ottawa

Even before the Canadian dollar plunged to historic low last week, Arthur and Joan Elgar had given up on their Florida dreams. Snowbirds since 1991, when the loonie hit the heady heights of US89.29 cents, the Elgars had planned to spend their winters in Dunedin for as long as their health permitted. But with each passing year, their Canadian dollars bought fewer and fewer creature comforts. In October, they ser our for the Sunshine State, not to wait out the Canadian winter, but to sell their mobile home. They got US$2,000, one-tenth what they'd paid a decade earlier. It seems they weren't the only Canadians selling their properties, and there were few takers. "I know, personally, seven or eight Canadians who have put their homes in Florida up for sale,' Arthur, 77, rold *Maclean's*. "It's just gotten so expensive.'

Even more so, for those snowbirds still toughing it out. On Jan. 18, the Canadian dollar hit an all-time closing low of US62.02 cents, dropping nearly one cent in three days. During trading last Monday, it sunk even lower, to 61.75 cents before settling in the rest of the week at barely above 62 cents. The unexpected swoon left many in Canada scrambling for reasons. The boilerplate explanations rolled out in the past just didn't fit this time around. Quebec separatists? Well . . . not since the 1995 referendum. The federal deficit? It's so yesterday—Canada may be the only country in the G7 club to have a balanced budget next year. Weak commodity markets? That would have made sense last year, but prices have firmed since mid-December. "I haven't heard one explanation for the dollar's plunge that makes sense," says Don Drummond, chief economist at the Toronto-Dominion Bank.

If economists were flummoxed, Finance Minister Paul Martin was practically pleading for answers. Last week, he took the uncharacteristic step of calling a news conference to talk up the beleaguered currency. It may all be a failure on the part of currency traders to appreciate the underlying strength of Canada's economy, he suggested. Bank of Canada governor David Dodge followed up two days later with much the same message. And the standard bromide—most other national currencies are in the same sinking boat—was offered, as if Canadians could take solace in shared misery. But as the week progressed, there were few signs the markets had seen the error of their ways. Or that hard-nosed international traders were taking seriously the government's complaints that they were selling the loonie short.

While the precipitous drop of the past week or so may be a mystery, the dollar's incredible shrinking act over the last decade is not. As Drummond points out, it matters little that Martin and Dodge are right in extolling the fundamental strength of the Canadian economy. The dollar is not a barometer of the economy in isolation, he notes. So while it may be true that Canada's economy is stronger than in the past, it had not been growing as fast as the U.S. economy. Similarly, Canada may have lowered its public debt, but not as much as the U.S. Ottawa cut taxes, but Washington did it first and deeper. Between 1995 and 2000, Canadian labour productivity increased by 1.2 per cent annually, but it grew by 2.4 per cent south of the border. "All the improvements we've made," says Drummond, "have fallen short of where the U.S. placed the bar."



Does it matter if Canada falls short of matching the world's most powerful economy? At one level, no. In fact, as Prime Minister Jean Chrétien has often stated, a lower dollar helps Canadian exporters sell more products to American consumers. That's one reason Canada has piled up huge trade surpluses with the United States, in part fuelling the country's economic boom throughout the latter half of the 1990s.

Nor has the limp loonie dramatically altered the way Canadians live. "Our standard of living is not affected by the lower dollar," states Jim Stanford, an economist with the Canadian Auto Workers. That's because about 75 per cent of what Canadians buy in goods and services is generated domestically. Even in the case of imports such as automobiles, retailers have passed on only a fraction of the dollar's lost value to consumers. For example, a BMW 330i carries a recommended sale price of US$33,990 south of the border and $46,500 in Canada. If the Canadian price tag reflected the full U.S. value of the luxury import, the car would retail for about $53,400. "Prices are made according to the market, not the exchange rate," explains Hendrik von Kuenheim, president and CEO of BMW Group Canada. Put another way, says Stanford, dealers don't pass on the full load of the depressed loonie for fear few would buy their automobiles.

But at a deeper level, Canada cannot bargain shop forever without paying the price later on, say most economists. One obvious consequence of the lower dollar is that Canadian firms are unable to purchase the imported equipment they need to modernize and remain competitive. Even more alarming, adds Jeff Rubin, chief economist for CIBC World Markets, is that should the slide continue, Canadians may choose to adopt the U.S. currency as their own in order to avoid future devaluations. "Then people will wake up one morning and find their life savings in RRSPs and their homes are worth a lot less than they thought," he says.

With the loonie appearing to stabilize at week's end, there was no appetite in Ottawa for quick fixes such as adopting the U.S. dollar. Nor did Martin and Dodge hint at a rescue effort, such as raising interest rates or dipping into the Bank of Canada's US$34.2-billion foreign currency reserves to defend the loonie. Instead, Martin insisted policies aimed at strengthening the economy will eventually buck up the dollar. It's a long-term recovery strategy—possibly too long for Arthur and Joan Elgar. "I'd go back to Florida if the dollar came back," said Arthur. "But I don't see it happening soon."

Illustration for Maclean's by Mike Constable





Donald Coxe

How hot a winter?

One consolation of winter is that it tends to be a great time for stocks. December and January are historically the two highest-ranked performance months for U.S. equities. Market historians have shown that if you held shares only during the coldest months of the year (from November through April), you'd do much better than if you bought and held. "Sell in May and go away" is one of those Street clichés that has worked, even though nobody is quite sure why.

There are some good reasons why January should be strong. First, it's the time when U.S. companies tend to fund their 401(k) plans. (These are the equivalent of Canadian employer-sponsored RRSPs or defined contribution pension plans.) This means a disproportionately high percentage of tax-exempt money is put into the market in the first few weeks of the year.

Secondly, there's the "January effect." Intelligent tax planning dictates that investors sell their fallen stocks in November and December to lock in capital losses. That means shares that have underachieved through October are subject to heavy selling through year-end. U.S. investors can buy those stocks back in the new year without forgoing their tax-loss credits if they allow 31 days after they sell. That quirk has historically produced some impressive bounces, particularly for small-capitalization stocks where retail investors are the biggest holders.

Traditionally, stocks do best during the coldest months of the year. This time, though, the climate is different.

Thirdly, it's the time when Wall Street emits bullish forecasts at a rate far above its ordinary levels of high enthusiasm. If the preceding year was great, this one will be fabulous; if last year was good, this one will be great; if it was a downer, well, it can't happen again. This profusion of effusion tends to be backed by encouraging forecasts from companies themselves. As the "earnings season" (mid-January through mid-February) produces an overload of earnings reports and predictions, the financial atmosphere's temperature rises faster than the ambient temperatures fall.

This January has been atypical. It began in traditional fashion, with a roaring first week led by technology stocks. Since then, the market has been swatting away anxiety attacks of the kind not usually seen until black fly and mosquito seasons.

Heading the list of worries, of course, is the economy. Alan Greenspan gave a speech on Jan. 11 that shocked the market by suggesting the economy still faces risks. It is a measure of just how Panglossian the market had become that his mention of risks should have produced such rewards for the sharply shrunken band of short-sellers.

Almost all economists and strategists believe the U.S. is headed for economic recovery. The disagreements are alphabetic: will it be a V, U, L or W-shaped recovery? The V's, including the Street's long-time favourite economist, Ed Hyman of ISI Group, think the recovery is well under way; they believe the first quarter will show the fastest economic growth since mid-2000. The U's and L's, including Goldman Sachs' William Dudley, think growth will come back slowly. The prominent W is Morgan Stanley's Byron Wien, who says we could face a double-dip recession, with recovery now, followed by a renewed slump later, which could mean that (gasp!) Greenspan would resign.

The second worry is related to the first: what will be the nature of the recovery in earnings? The stock market's strong leap from its lows has raised fears that stocks have already priced in all the good news from a strong economy. The weakness of the Japanese yen raises fears of competitive currency devaluations in China, South Korea and Taiwan, unleashing a killer wave of deflation that would sweep across the Pacific like a tsunami, swamping earnings for a wide range of U.S. industries.

The third worry is that the financial system is vulnerable to a negative surprise because of the damage inflicted on it from the collapses in technology companies, Enron and Argentina. To date, shares of most banks and brokerage companies have held up well, despite announcements of huge writeoffs arising from these three unrelated shocks. As some worried observers have noted, a negative surprise is by its nature unpredictable. As long as the economy and credit are growing rapidly, rot in the system usually remains hidden. Is there some other disaster waiting out there?

Note what is missing from this fear list: the war on terrorism. Investors seem convinced the Bush team has that problem well in hand.

Justin Mamis, a former colleague of mine, is one of America's most renowned technical analysts. He has always enjoyed making predictions on the basis that the market would usually do what would cause the most annoyance to the greatest number of forecasters.

On that contrarian basis, expect the stock market to disappoint both bulls and bears by doing, on balance, little of anything this year—and by saving some of its best performance for summertime. m

Donald Coxe is chairman of Harris Investment Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Heward Investments.

TAKING ON MILOSEVIC

A Canadian helps make legal history at The Hague

BY IAN MATHER in The Hague

Rows of newly labelled files line Dirk Ryneveld's cramped office in The Hague. They contain gut-wrenching accounts of people raped and murdered by Serbian soldiers in the Balkans in the 1990s. As a senior trial lawyer at the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia, Ryneveld, who is from British Columbia, will have to prove that the country's former president, Slobodan Milosevic, was the mastermind behind atrocities committed in Kosovo. It is the Canadian's face on which Milosevic will set his intimidating stare when the Kosovo trial begins on Feb. 12. But Ryneveld, the lead prosecutor in that case, is determined, and the contents of the files provide his motivation. "You cannot come away from looking at a file without being personally affected by the man's inhumanity," he told *Maclean's*. "It touches you on a personal level."

Milosevic is the first head of state ever arraigned for war crimes. He is accused of being responsible for the murder of 900 Kosovo Albanians and the expulsion of 800,000 Kosovars from their homes in 1999. He also faces a separate trial on charges of crimes against humanity and genocide in Croatia in 1991 and in Bosnia between 1992 and 1995. [illegible] include the expulsion of more than 250,000 Croat[illegible] and the massacre of over 7,000 Muslims in the Bos[illegible]an town of Srebrenica in 1995. As Ryneveld prepared to [illegible]nfront Milosevic in court, the trial weighed heavily on the 55-year-old lawyer. "Dealing with a former head of state is an awesome responsibility," he said. "There is a tremendous amount of world interest, and every rule that

[illegible] Yugoslav dictator's inh[illegible], 'touches you on a [illegible] level'

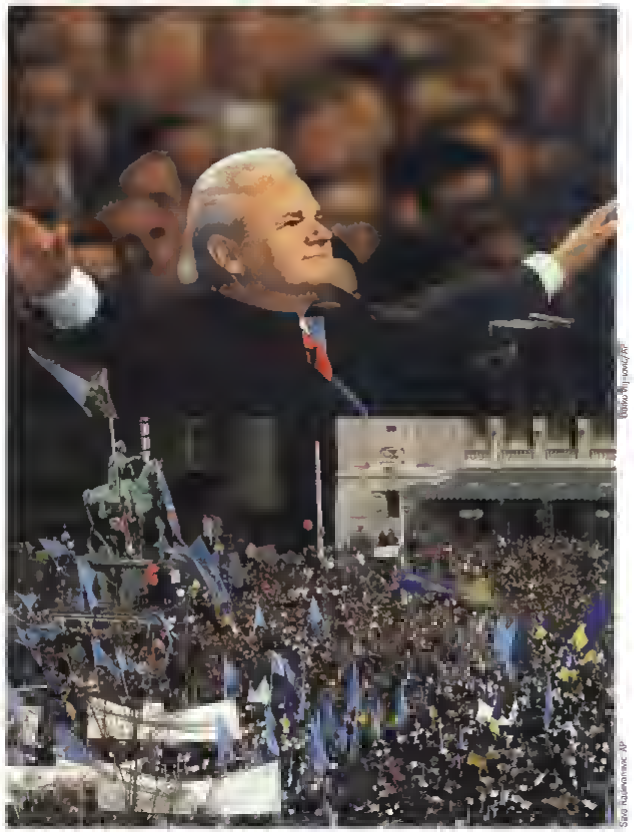
Justice

is made will be under public scrutiny."

It will fall to Ryneveld, who was appointed in 1999, to prove that even though Milosevic did not personally take part in the killings, he ordered the mass murder of thousands of civilians across the region. Ryneveld plans to call more than 90 witnesses, and enter more than 1,000 exhibits, before the trial ends in August. But legal analysts say Milosevic could extend the trial by calling up to 1,000 witnesses of his own.

The two adversaries have already sparred in five pre-trial sessions, at which a visibly angry Milosevic declined to enter a plea or name a lawyer, forcing the court to enter a not guilty plea on his behalf on all the charges. Because Milosevic is representing himself, the tribunal has also appointed three prominent international lawyers as *amici curiae* (friends of the court) to ensure that the exact rule of law is followed on his behalf.

Part of Milosevic's strategy will likely involve an attempt to embarrass the tribunal by calling former U.S. president Bill Clinton as a witness and blaming the thousands of civilian deaths in Kosovo on NATO's 78-day bombing campaign in the spring of 1999. "All this is geared toward a construed justification for the crimes committed during the NATO aggression on my nation," Milosevic said slowly but firmly in Serbian during his last court appearance on Jan. 9. "Quite obviously the intention is to portray those who defended their families, homes and country as criminals and evil people."



Milosevic (above); 20,000 protesters demanded his removal in Belgrade, March, 1996

Holland has some resonance for Ryneveld, who was born in Rotterdam and, with his parents, immigrated to Canada in 1952 when he was six. "We went by boat to Halifax, boarded a train and travelled across the whole of Canada," he said. The family eventually settled in Kimberley, a mining town in southeastern B.C. As a teenager, Ryneveld considered becoming a history professor, he was about to enter a master's program at Simon Fraser University when he landed a summer job as a paralegal at a law office in Kimberley. "So I was able to participate in trials very early on in my career," he recalled. "And ultimately I was persuaded by my summer employer to apply for law school because he thought I had the makings of a lawyer."

After law school, Ryneveld got a job not far from Kimberley with a law firm in Cranbrook and, in 1974, he was appointed district Crown counsel. He rose to national prominence in 1978, when he handled an inquest into the deaths of 43 people when a PWA jet crashed into a snowplow parked on a runway in Cranbrook. In 1985, he moved to Victoria to run the prosecutor's office and was soon handling a number of sensational trials and appeals.

In 1997, he prosecuted the teenagers who beat 14-year-old Reena Virk to death—a case that shocked the country. And in 1993 he successfully represented the Crown in the case against a man who claimed he was suffering from multiple personality disorders when he raped and murdered 6-year-old Dawn Shaw in Courtney, B.C. But Ryneveld was growing stale. "I had probably done everything I could have done in terms of new challenges," he said. "Although every case was unique, every new file was just more of the same."

Ryneveld was an admirer of Louise Arbour, the former chief prosecutor at The Hague who is now a Supreme Court of Canada justice and who prepared the first indictment against Milosevic. And in 1999, Ryneveld joined her in Holland. "I had great respect for her and believed she was making a difference. I wanted to be part of that," he said. "Here was an opportunity to administer justice on an international level, and I thought I could make a contribution."

The decision to take a five-year leave of absence from his job in Victoria was made easier when his wife, Fiona, 50, agreed to leave her job and accompany him. She is now employed in the tribunal's evidence unit. The couple work with some 60 other Canadians on the tribunal's staff of almost 1,100 (in fact, so many Canadians followed Arbour to The Hague that they are overrepresented, and few Canadians are now being hired). In addition to the lawyers, Canadians work as investigators, military analysts, translators and official court reporters.

As the senior Canadian in the group, Ryneveld was quick to grasp the scope of the challenge. "In my previous experience as a prosecutor I handled many gruesome murder cases," he said. "But here it's just the overwhelming fact of seeing whole families wiped out, whole villages annihilated, and 12- to 15-year-old girls kept as sex slaves by soldiers and then sold to others for the next round of degradation."

Upon his arrival in The Hague, the Victoria lawyer quickly made his mark, successfully prosecuting a landmark case in international law in which three Bosnian Serb soldiers accused of the mass rape of Muslim women in Foca in southeastern Bosnia in 1992 were found guilty. It was the first case in which sexual enslavement had been found to be a war crime; on Oct. 1 the men were convicted and sentenced to between 12 and 28 years in prison.

Last March, he also began the prosecution of three men accused of atrocities at the notorious Keraterm concentration camp, run by Bosnian Serbs. In his opening statement, Ryneveld told the tribunal the victims were jammed so tightly in rooms that they couldn't sit down. To teach overflowing toilets, the prisoners had to wade through sewage; they were also regularly beaten with metal bars and rifle butts. "On a good day," Ryneveld said, "each prisoner received only one meal consisting of two very thin slices of fly-covered bread."

The Milosevic case, however, is the most daunting he has ever faced. Legal experts say the outcome of the trial will hinge on whether Ryneveld can prove Milosevic had "command responsibility." And Ryneveld admits that will be extremely difficult to do—he says Milosevic had his officials shred hundreds of documents linking him directly to the atrocities in Bosnia and Kosovo. Many people with direct knowledge of Milosevic's responsibility will also refuse to testify. As well, the tribunal has to counter Milosevic's suggestion that it is a "political court." To do so, said Ryneveld, "the court is going to bend over backwards to make sure that all the accused's rights are protected."

The former dictator will also offer his own complicated defence in an attempt to turn the tables on the tribunal. "I expect Milosevic will demand that leaders of NATO countries, who are able to present the truth on Kosovo, come to testify," said Belgrade-based lawyer Zdenko Tomanovic, who is advising Milosevic. He does not know which leader Milosevic will call. However, he said that by putting Western leaders in the witness box, he may be able to show that they worked closely with Milosevic during much of the 1990s as Yugoslavia broke apart in bloodshed, and are at least partially responsible for the deaths.

Milosevic may also be angling to force Western leaders to give damaging information about ethnic Albanian guerrillas, in the hope of strengthening his argument that Yugoslav military action in Kosovo was legitimate suppression of an insurgency. Milosevic's strategy could be derailed by judges who have the final say on which witnesses may be called. But, if they decide someone should testify, the judges have the legal power to compel the witness to come to The Hague.

Whatever the outcome of Milosevic's trial, Ryneveld, who says he "represents thousands of victims," knows he will be making legal history. "The work that is being done here will be an invaluable legacy," he said. "That's my honest belief." It's what keeps him going as he sits in his cramped office in The Hague preparing his case, reading all those files filled with tragedy and pain. m



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At age 61, Lightstone wants more than the white-haired granny role

To paint, write or act? That's the question.

For actress **Marilyn Lightstone**, writing a novel wasn't a huge challenge Well-known for her role as Miss Stacey in the *Anne of Green Gables* television series, Lightstone drew upon her own understanding of stage and screen to write *Rogues & Vagabonds*, a story about acting "People can look to the book for a true picture of what happens in the theatre," says Lightstone, 61, who lives in Toronto with television czar **Moses Znaimer** "I have lived that life I know all about it"

Lightstone wanted to dispel the myths surrounding actors and their craft "When I first started acting people were always asking me how I remembered all my lines." But it's not about repetition, she says "It's more about inventing a character from the inside out. That's the hard part." What is even worse, according to Lightstone, is being at the whim of a casting director. Actors at the peak of their talent still rely on othet people to cast them. "I'm at a stage where acting is very difficult for women," she says "The parts just aren't available unless you play a granny with white hair."

To remain creative even while the well of good parts dries up, Lightstone has recently cast herself in anothet new role—as a visual artist. "I was going to be a painter when I was younger but then I started acting," Lightstone says "Scratch the surface of an actor and you'll find a writer or a painter"

'Benjamin' Biggs

The sound of **Jason Biggs** cracking his knuckles echoes around the empty Toronto hotel ballroom. Tha 23-year-old actor, and star of the *Amencan Pie* teen flicks, stares absentmindedly at the wall and says, slowly: "What scares me about acting is not acting." He flashes a self-conscious grin and then elaborates. "It's that the success of the box office plays often the biggest role in the success of one's comer and talent sometimes gets brushed to the side What scares me is that it is a business at the end of the day." That is partly why the New Jersey native is excited about performing on stage where talent reigns supreme Starring opposite **Kathleen Turner** and **Alicia Silverstone** in the Broadway-bound remake of the 1967 film Tha *Graduate*, Biggs—in the **Dustin Hoffman** role of Benjamin—is psyched about working in front of a live audience. The production, which runs until Feb 17 at Toronto's Canon Theatre, hits New York in April It's a chance, he says, to hone his skills. "You are giving an unedited performance from point A to point B There is no second take." Another scary thought.



Jose Mandis

Biggs, with Silverstone, graduates from pie jokes

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Olympic Showdown

Canadian speed skaters ruled the oval at the 1932 Lake Placid Games

BY TOM BORESKIE

In February, 1932, the Olympic Winter Games came to North America for the first time when Lake Placid, N.Y., played host to many of the world's top athletes. Held only twice previously, the Winter Games had little of today's spectacle and global following. That mattered little to Canadian athletes who would win seven medals, a total that would go unmatched for 60 years. But for Canadian followers of speed skating, then as big a spectator sport as hockey, there was an added bonus: the culmination of a rivalry between two of the country's—and the world's—finest women speed skaters: Lela Brooks, 24, and Jean Wilson, 21. Although women's skating was then a demonstration sport, with no official medals, the tension was high.

For the first time at the Olympics, speed skaters followed American, rather than international, rules. Instead of racing in pairs against the clock, skaters faced several competitors, advancing through a preliminary heat to reach the final. While the Canadian men won five medals, many eyes were on the women's competition featuring Brooks and Wilson.

Born into a Toronto skating family in 1908, Brooks showed such talent as a child that she became the first girl admitted to Toronto's Old Orchard Skating Club. There she skated at the expense of everything else, for a time borrowing her mother's skates which she stuffed with newspaper. Brooks advocated a simple technique. "You had to break and get in front, if you ever hoped to win," she once said.

In 1925, Brooks became the Canadian under-18 champion, setting six world records by season's end. The following year, she captured the women's all-round world championship and continued her assault on the record book. In 1927, she broke three world records in a single day. Between 1923 and 1931, she so dominated her sport that journalists christened her the "Queen of the Blades."

But things began to change in 1930 when Brooks encountered Wilson. Born in Glasgow in 1910, Wilson came to Canada with her parents as an infant, and did not begin skating until age 15. After she joined the Toronto Speed Skating Club, her coach, Harry Cody, described her as "the strongest and most natural skater I ever handled." Wilson began competing in senior championships at



Canada's Sports Hall of Fame

A late fall cost 'Queen' Brooks her crown

18 and, within two years, stunned everyone by defeating Brooks three times in 1930, then going on to win all five events at the 1931 North American championships. By early 1932, both skaters had their sights set on each other—and a showdown at Lake Placid.

When the Olympic women's demonstration events opened with the 500-m race on Feb. 8, both Brooks and Wilson won their respective heats. In the final, however, Brooks's legendary quick start deserted her. Caught up in the pack rounding the final curve, she finished a disappointing fourth, while an unimpeded Wilson romped home to claim the only victory by an individual Canadian athlete during the Games.

The next afternoon, Brooks stunned the crowd in the 1,000-m heat, breaking the world record by more than 15 seconds. However, in the final she again struggled to keep up with the leaders, while Wilson, who had also won her heat, bided her time until she seized the lead off the final turn. As Wilson sprinted for the finish, disaster struck. She fell three metres short of the line and finished last in the six-woman field. Again, Brooks finished fourth. Afterwards, Wilson shrugged off her mishap. "Falling before the tape will be done again," she said, "and by others besides myself."

But Wilson made a strong comeback. In the opening heat of the 1,500-m event, she dazzled the crowd with a world record of her own, shattering the mark by an incredible 34 seconds. Brooks promptly lowered the record a further two-tenths of a second in her heat, despite skating with a wrenched back and a concussion sustained in a fall during training that morning. In the final, Brooks held a narrow lead for much of the race. Then on the last lap, she lost her balance and sprawled head-first. Behind her, Wilson and the U.S. champion, Kit Klein, battled down to the wire, finishing in a dead heat. For several minutes, no one knew who could claim the victory until, at last, the officials awarded the race to the American.

Sadly, it was Wilson's last major competition. Several months later, she entered a Toronto hospital suffering from myasthenia gravis, a rare neuromuscular disease that causes a gradual deterioration in muscle strength. She died in September, 1933, at the age of 23.

Brooks continued to skate following the 1932 Games, winning her last major title in 1935. Even in her 70s—several years before her death in 1990—she still donned her skates to race her grandchildren on a frozen stream near her Ontario home in Owen Sound. m

Centre for Addiction and Mental Health Foundation

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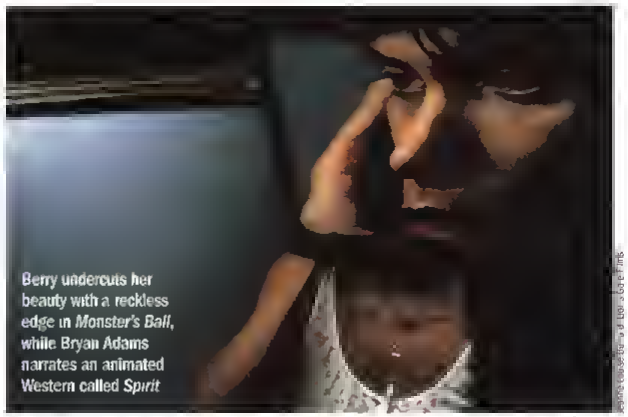
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Films BRIAN D. JOHNSON

Leaving Los Angeles



Berry undercuts her beauty with a reckless edge in *Monster's Ball*, while Bryan Adams narrates an animated Western called *Spirit*

I want to tell you all about *Monsters Ball*, a slow-burn slice of Southern Gothic that has left a strange taste in my mouth. But first I should explain how I was deprived of my right to see a minute of steamy sex between Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton because I saw a censored version of the movie in the Land of the Free. Right now I'm scrunched over a laptop high above the Nevada desert, on the way back from Los Angeles, where almost anything is possible. The trip was a "media outreach" program for cultural journalists organized by Ottawa's Foreign Affairs department. Our mission: to look up Canadians who've found a niche in the Dream Factory.

We met a lot of animators. Canada has always exported animators. Trained by institutions such as the National Film Board or Sheridan College in Oakville, Ont., they become Hollywood's hewers of software and drawers of pixels. Some still use pencils, but computers are taking over. We met a dozen Canadian artists who work at the DreamWorks "campus" in Burbank. It's a studio built like a Mediterranean villa, with streams and gardens and terra cotta tiles. The company provides free meals, and an endless supply of chocolate bars, so no one ever has to leave the premises.

Walking through the corridors, you feel like you're in a school overrun by art projects. The walls are covered with images of movies-in-progress—mafioso sharks in an underwater mob story called *Shark Slayer*, animals from Central Park who get marooned in the jungles of *Madagascar*, and a wild horse fighting for its freedom in an Old West adventure called *Spirit*—narrated by Canadian rock star Bryan Adams.



DreamWorks

On the other side of town, in an industrial park, we dropped by SimEx, a Toronto-based animation company with clients ranging from Disney to the makers of Fruit Loops and Frosted Flakes. Creative director Allen Yamashita discussed the problem of assimilating Tony the Tiger, a vintage cartoon character, into the world of computer graphics. Animators had tried to build a 3-D digital model of Tony, but he no longer looked like himself. So they ended up grafting the old 2-D Tony onto a digital landscape. "Tony the Tiger is big business," explains Yamashita. "You don't mess with Tony the Tiger."

Our day ends in a Santa Monica office overlooking an ocean sunset. There, Kim Davidson, president of Side Effects Software, another Toronto-based firm, pitched the virtues of Houdini Select, a program used to animate special effects in countless Hollywood movies, ranging from *The Matrix* to *Black Hawk Down*. This is the kind of animation you're not supposed to notice, and it's changing the face of cinema.

So what does all this have to do with Halle Berry and Billy Bob Thornton? Well, nothing. But after a day of touring the Dream Factory, I ducked into a Santa Monica multiplex and immersed myself in *Monster's Ball*, a grim drama without a hint of animation or special effects. Thornton plays Hank, a racist corrections officer in the Deep South who escorts a black man (Sean Combs) to the electric chair—then quits his job and slides into a relationship with the man's widow, a boozy waitress named Leticia (Berry). The headlong calamities that throw these two misfits together are the stuff of melodrama. But under the quiet direction of Marc Forster, the story unfolds with perverse restraint, slowly gnawing away at the emotions. There are moments of sly humour, and a glimmer of redemption, but no catharsis. As I walked to my rental car, feeling rattled and fragile, it occured to me that *Monster's Ball* could almost be a Canadian movie.

It could also serve as a companion piece to *In the Bedroom*, another dire little American drama about bereavement and repression. Forster creates the same sense of claustrophobic tension between the actors—Thornton finds yet another octave for his low-key charisma, and Berry undercuts her beauty with a reckless edge. As for the infamous sex scene, what I saw was certainly torrid, and convincing. But to avoid an N-17 rating, the film's producers snipped it by a minute. To find out what's missing, I'll have to see *Monster's Ball* again in Canada, where it's being released uncut. Apparently, in an America animated by war, it's OK to wallow in the computer-generated blood and guts of *Black Hawk Down*. But there's still nothing quite so threatening as unadulterated sex. m

PHILOSOPHER KING

John Ralston Saul's *On Equilibrium* solidifies his reputation as Canada's leading public intellectual

BY JOHN GEDDES

Just about any pat description of the roles John Ralston Saul has played ends up defining him as something he rails against. Saul began his working life as a manager in the investment and oil businesses—but he inveighs tirelessly against the power of the corporate managerial set. He went on to become a favourite author of the political left—all the while insisting that he has no patience for ideology of any sort. Most recently, he has moved into Rideau Hall as the husband of Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson, which surely puts him near the pinnacle of Canada's social hierarchy—yet he says his experiences as vice-regal consort have only deepened his conviction that ordinary citizens need to regain the upper hand from elites.

If these apparent contradictions make slotting Saul seem tricky, here's one label he doesn't mind: best-selling author. His books move, even though they are about philosophy. He made a splash internationally in 1992 with *Voltaire's Bastards: The Dictatorship of Reason in the West*, a long polemic against the way elite groups have, in his view, corrupted the concept of rational thought to create societies run by experts, not citizens. His status as Canada's best-known public intellectual was solidified with 1995's *The Unconscious Civilization*, a more easily digested repackaging of his case that managers and specialists have usurped the rightful place of citizens and voters. Then came 1997's *Reflections of a Siamese Twin*, in which Saul argues that Canada's complexity—especially the ties that bind its French and English parts—make it a model for the sort of pragmatic, non-ideological democracy he favours.

And now *On Equilibrium* is topping the best-sellers lists. Nothing new about that. What has changed, though, is Saul's official status. This time he is not just a freelance intellectual gadfly, but also the husband of the Queen's official representative in Canada. As such, his latest tome got an unusually close read when it appeared in December. The result was a front-page controversy conjured up mostly out of a few sentences about Sept. 11. "From what at first sounded like a bizarre accident," Saul wrote of the terrorist attacks, "a wave of explosions and accidents and deaths spread through the day, at the end of which a rather frail, awkward man appeared on television to read a speech from a teleprompter in order to reassure Americans, indeed the world."

Few who watched George W. Bush's first televised response to the horror would dispute that he appeared shaken. Saul's description might even be read as sympathetic. Still, critics pounced on the passage as too much coming from the Governor General's spouse. The implication was that Saul, long associated with the left, couldn't resist breaking with the protocol of vice-regal innocuousness to slight a Republican president. "Of course, it's entirely possible to take a couple of words out of a sentence and pump them up as if they meant something they didn't mean," Saul says now. "But that has nothing to do with what I wrote. I've always written about ideas and society. I've never written about politics."

There's no denying that *On Equilibrium*, while touching on contemporary issues from terrorism to trade, is not about politics in the usual sense. There are no direct references to current Canadian politicians. By contrast, 18th-century Italian philosopher Giambattista Vico is cited an enthusiastic 15 times. That's the sort of stuff readers are in for when they tackle Saul. So why do so many try? Philip Coul-



No longer just a freelance thinker, Saul comes under close scrutiny as husband of the Queen's official representative in Canada

ter, a Toronto-based CBC radio producer who worked closely with him on the broadcast Massey Lecture series that was published as *The Unconscious Civilization*, says Saul feeds a hunger for ideas that are big enough to make sense of the narrower issues that dominate the news. "Whether it's abortion or health care or education," Coulter says, "there is the larger question about whether all these debates add up to a picture of society—a vision which we all share in common. John plays an important role in that."

Saul looks like an unlikely candidate for touching a popular chord. Slumped on a couch in a suite at Ottawa's Château Laurier for an interview, he is the picture of the salon intellectual, droll at times to the point of sounding smug. His background, though, is far from privileged. His father joined up with the Royal Winnipeg Rifles for the Second World War, fought in the tough Italian campaign and stayed on to serve in peacetime. Saul was born in Ottawa in 1947, and grew up on army bases in Alberta, Manitoba, Ontario and Quebec, changing schools, by his own count, 13 times. He inherited the reading gene from his bookish mother, and remembers picking up Graham Greene's *The End of the Affair* when he was still young enough for the title alone to make it seem enticingly adult.

He went to Montreal's McGill University in the late '60s, and threw himself into the era's tumultuous campus politics. On graduating, he flirted with the idea of joining the foreign service, but opted instead to pursue a doctorate at the University of London. His thesis research on Charles de Gaulle's modernization of France led him to live mainly in Paris. ("A very nice city to be poor in," he recalls fondly. "Not forever maybe, but as a student.") He stayed on there after finishing his Ph.D. to run a subsidiary of a British investment house—a strange leap from his history studies. "They said I knew all about how France worked, which I did, and they could teach me the business part," he explains.

On his way back to Canada in 1975, Saul was introduced in New York City to Maurice Strong. At the time, Strong, who went on to become an influential figure in the rise of environmental concerns at the United Nations, had been tapped by Pierre Trudeau's government to found Petro-Canada. On the basis of a half-hour chat, Strong invited Saul to move to Calgary to work as his assistant. Strong proved to be a powerful influence—as he has been for others whose careers he has touched, notably the young Paul Martin. "He's one of the most remarkable Canadians of our times," Saul says. "I always say jokingly that he's the St. Paul of the world environmental movement. He's the man who imagined all the international structures and put them in place."

While he was working for Strong in Calgary in 1977, Saul published his first book, a novel about French politics called *The Birds of Prey*. Three more novels, on subjects ranging from the oil business to art smuggling, followed in the 1980s. (By this time, he and Clarkson were a couple, although they did not marry until the summer of 1999, a step they took to clear the way for Clarkson's appointment as Governor General that fall.) A mixture of exotic locales and serious ideas in his fiction reflected Saul's devotion to Joseph Conrad, the author of *Heart of Darkness*, and his heirs in fiction, including Greene and Gabriel García Márquez. But it was with the non-fiction *Voltaire's Bastards*, dedicated to Strong, that Saul started attracting serious attention. In the *Washington Post*, culture critic Camille Paglia said Saul "offers a promising persona for the future: the intellectual as man of the world."

By 1995, Saul was well enough known in the United States to be named one of "100 Visionaries" by the *Utne Reader*. But with *The Unconscious Civilization* and *Reflections of a Siamese Twin*, he attended to his home audience—and solidified a big Canadian following. Mark Kingwell, a University of Toronto philosophy professor whose popular books put him in a small club of public intellectuals who aspire to be in Saul's league, suggests the time was right for a thinker to challenge the conservative orthodoxies that had taken hold in the era of Thatcher, Reagan and Mulroney. "In the 1980s, right-wing thinkers got a lot of profile," Kingwell says. "In Canada, which is basically a social democratic country, people wanted to hear somebody articulating what they already believed. In a useful way, Saul does that. He has a following not because anything he's saying is particularly startling, but because he's saying it in a way that people can say, 'Oh, yeah, that's what I've been thinking all along.' "

Saul resists any bid to categorize him as a champion of even the moderate left—or as a foe of the right. "I've never actually thought in those terms," he insists. He says he prefers an issue-by-issue assessment—citing public education and universal health care as policies he sees at the core of Canadian democracy. Still, with those convictions, there's no danger of falling out of favour with those who tilt left. His targets, on the other hand, tend to be held in high esteem by those who lean right, including the World Trade Organization. "We are obsessively trying to regulate society through trade," he complains in *On Equilibrium*. True to his new book's title, though, Saul balances his critique of the WTO with a warning against the danger that rising opposition to the free trade doctrine might "fling us hard in the opposite direction, right into the arms of negative nationalism and closed markets."

In fact, the book's whole thrust is to praise the human capacity for balancing conflicting impulses. Saul divides it into chapters on six qualities that he identifies as essential to responsible behaviour—common sense, ethics, imagination, intuition, memory, and reason. Anyone looking for a concise system, a formula for making the right decisions, will be disappointed. He detests the expert prescription, the purportedly rational solution. If that can make him maddeningly hard to pin down, Saul is not apologizing. "What makes you human," he says, "is that you don't really have the answers." But as the brisk sales for *On Equilibrium* are proving again, a lot of Canadian readers are hooked on the way Saul puts the questions. M

Saul strenuously resists any attempt to categorize him politically.

'I've always written about ideas and society,' he says, 'never about politics.'

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Love and destiny war in *Vinci*

Leonardo da Vinci, the toddler years

The real star of Maureen Hunter's new play *Vinci* never appears on stage. It's the Renaissance man Leonardo himself—or, in this case, the Renaissance toddler. Little is known about the early childhood of the artist and thinker. Hunter imagines his early years with his mother, a servant girl named Caterina, who nurtures the first signs of genius. Picking up after him, the doting single mom finds the toys her wunderkind invents—such as a sticks-and-string flying machine suitable for a house cat. Imagine if he had had Lego.

The engaging plot of *Vinci*—which premiered at Ottawa's National Arts Centre on Jan. 10 and moves to Winnipeg, Hunter's hometown, for a run at the Manitoba Theatre Centre (Feb. 7 to March 2)—is driven by the desire of the rich family of the boy's father to take the amazing child away. The outcome is inevitable, since the notion that Leonardo might have been raised entirely in a hut by an impoverished maid isn't really plausible. But dramatic tension builds anyway over the conflicting tugs of love and something like destiny. (The marvellous set, which looks like one of those inventions Leonardo drew but never built, reinforces the sense that the characters are caught up in a machine carrying them toward their fates.) Hunter even suggests the power at play in Leonardo's life might be God's will. After all, we see the story from the perspective of the priest Bartolomeo, played with scene-stealing charm by Gordon Rand, whose link to Leonardo's tale is literally miraculous. *John Geddes*

Telling it like it is

It has become familiar template for the Modest Canadian Movie—an anti-romance about an ensemble of losers with weird jobs stuck in a rat's maze of urban angst. We've seen the formula unfold in Toronto (*The Five Senses*), Calgary (*Waydowntown*) and Vancouver (*Last Wedding*), with modest success in each case. Now writer-director Sean Garrity takes it to his hometown of Winnipeg. *Inertia* is an obtuse comedy about a quartet of characters in overlapping romances. Joseph (Jonas Chernick), who's trying to solve a contamination mystery in the city's water supply, pines after Laura (Sarah Constible), who's hot for Bruce (Gordon Tanner), who neglects his new Japanese wife to chase Joseph's frisky teenage cousin, Alex (Micheline Marchildon).

Garrity directs with flair—*Inertia* won the prize for best Canadian feature debut at the Toronto International Film Festival. However, a lot of over irrigated symbolism—images of water pipes, computer circuitry, speeded up traffic, spermatozoa—spell out the theme of alienated connectivity with a heavy hand. The actors, who forged their characters out of improvisation, are convincing enough. But they're not likeable, or compelling. And although *Inertia* is a brave title, it describes the film's dramatic effect all too truthfully. *Brian D. Johnson*



Thomas Ehrlich/Health Snack Box Films

Chernick and Marchildon improvise

The perils of Primrose



A John Newbery award, either the medal the American Library Association gives to the best book of the year or the honors it awards two runners-up, is as good as it gets in children's literature. And Polly Horvath, 45, of Metchosin, B.C., only the second Canadian resident to win a Newbery in its 80-year history, is delighted to have it for *Everything on a Waffle* (Groundwood). "It's great to know the book will get attention now," she says, noting her American publisher is printing an additional 35,000 copies. She's even happy not to take first place. "Medal winners," Horvath laughs, "go on the *Today* show—that would be more excitement than I could stand."

Horvath's tale of Primrose Squarp—her book is redolent with Dickensian names and chapter headings like "I Lose Another Digit"—an 11-year-old Coal Harbour, B.C., girl whose parents are lost in an ocean storm, is both very wise and darkly funny. (To keep the orphan out of the hands of the provincial child services agency, her feckless uncle tries to place Primrose on a hockey team, explaining "you can be setting fire to cats and burying them in your backyard, but as long as you're playing team sports, people think you're okay.") A wonderful story about the eruption of joy even in the midst of misery, *Everything on a Waffle* deserves every honour it might get. *Brian Bethune*

It's an ill wind

A cautionary tale for an era of global warming, Brian Fagan's *The Little Ice Age* (HarperCollins) is a detailed account of the effects of a major climactic change 700 years ago. In the warm medieval era before 1300 AD, Europe's agricultural population expanded rapidly, even forming new colonies in Iceland and Greenland. But when the Little Ice Age, which lasted until about 1850, arrived in the 14th century, shorter growing seasons brought famines and social upheaval. In Central Asia, plague fleas underwent a population explosion, triggering the Black Death in 1347. In the face of changing weather patterns, Europeans abandoned Greenland, and vast shoals of cod abandoned Europe. Eventually Basque and English fishermen followed the cod west to Newfoundland, a crucial first step in the history of the New World.



Best-Sellers

	POSITION LAST WEEK
Fiction	
1. CLARA CALLAN, Richard Wright (11)	1
2. HATESHIP FRIENDSHIP COURTSHIP LOVESHIP MARRIAGE, Alice Munro (16)	5
3. ATONEMENT, Ian McEwan (13)	3
4. THE CORRECTIONS, Jonathan Franzen (19)	2
5. LIFE OF PI, Yann Martel (4)	10
6. ACID ROW, Minette Walters (5)	6
7. THE FIERY CROSS, Diana Gabaldon (10)	4
8. THE ASH GARDEN, Dennis Bock (5)	7
9. AUSTERLITZ, W.G. Sebald (5)	8
10. THE STONE CARVERS, Jane Urquhart (41)	9
Nonfiction	
1. ON EQUILIBRIUM, John Ralston Saul (5)	1
2. THE NAKED CHEF TAKES OFF, Jamie Oliver (3)	10
3. UNCLE TUNGSTEN, Oliver Sacks (12)	2
4. CHURCHILL, Roy Jenkins (1)	
5. THE UNIVERSE IN A NUTSHELL, Stephen Hawking (10)	7
6. MARCHING AS TO WAR, Pierre Berton (19)	3
7. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BISMARCK, David J. Bercuson and Holger H. Herwig (2)	5
8. AND THAT'S NOT ALL, Joan Plowright (2)	4
9. ANTHONY BLUNT, Miranda Carter (2)	8
10. HUMAN RIGHTS AS POLICY AND IDOLATRY, Michael Ignatieff (1)	

() Weeks on list

Compiled by Brian Bethune

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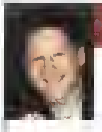
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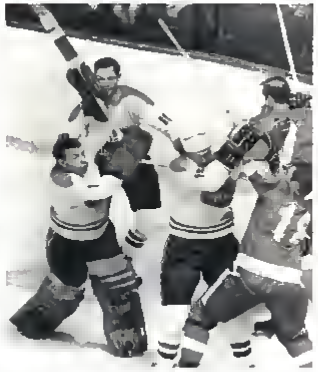
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A hip check on hockey



Face it, all you hockey fans out there: even if Team Gretzky takes home the shiniest neckwear in Salt Lake City, all the lustre, bluster and flag-waving won't camouflage the fact that our national game faces a festering, Olympic-sized problem. Once the country's top TV draw, hockey is shedding viewers faster than Eric Lindros is losing synapse connections (although our situation is still better than in the U.S., where videos of burning Yule logs proved a bigger TV phenomenon than holiday hockey games in the Nielsen ratings). Sadly, there's not much hope for the future, either. Today's youth now idolize grimy, tattooed rappers instead of gritty, toothless scrappers. Worse, more Canuck kids now choose organized soccer, that dreary import from parts elsewhere, over our own homegrown game.

Like all business problems, this one starts at the top. The NHL game is an overpriced, underwhelming product, happy to get by with toothless "innovations" like awarding sudden-death overtime losers a consolation point—and a post-game hot toddy to boot—for trying hard. Terrible Ted Lindsay must be spinning in his grave, and he's not even dead yet.

While Gary Bettman, the NHL's much *ostrich*-ized president, may choose to bury his head in the sand and accept the downward spiral, we must not. The colourful game that once brought forth such inspired characters as Moose Vasko, Mush March, Mud Bruneteau, and, of course, those immortal enemies Toe Blake and Punch Imlach, needs help—and I am here to offer it. Hence, these suggestions for improvement:

■ **Replace the Red Line:** For years, supposed experts have called for the elimination of the mid-rink red line to speed up the game. Instead of merely erasing it, substitute a two-sided elevated ramp that peaks across centre ice. Speedy, nimble players like Theo Fleury will use the centre ice elevation as a vault, enabling them to Evel Knievel their way up and over on-rushing opponents (mid-air somersaults optional). What's more, hockey's most boring play—icing the puck—will now result in the missile-like launch of vulcanized rubber discs at fans, making each zone-clearing puck dump as exciting as a Barry Bonds upper-deck home run.

■ **Colourful Coaches.** Once stocked by stylish men sporting snappy felt fedoras and fortified with cavernous leather lungs (so cool they had their own hockey cards!), the coaching brigade now crawls with personality-neutered, accountant wannabes in clearance-sale suits. If these guys are to really lead their squads into nightly ice wars, they should be decked out like Attila the Hun, Patton or *The Lord of the Rings*' evil wizard, Saruman, and be fortified with a few shots of cheap whisky (Canadian rye, of course) before the puck drops.

■ **Time Shift:** If hockey is indeed the world's fastest spectator sport, why does each game take an eternity? Shifting hockey's clock from three 20-minute periods to two 30-minute halves will improve flow and fan focus. Better yet, it will spell the end of inane intermission contests and mascot-led "entertainment." Bean counters needn't fret—increased in-arena food services will more than make up for concession stand shortfalls.

■ **Designated Hitter:** Borrowing from baseball, each team should be allowed to dress a designated hitter: a non-shooting, non-scoring specialist whose sole job would be to deftly (and yes, cleanly) plow opposing players into oblivion. His ice time would be limited to a mere five minutes per period so his appearances must be strategic, and he'd be automatically ejected for fighting, to remove the loose cannon factor. Outfitted in a unique Day-Glo uniform, and lit by a bright follow-spot to draw attention, he'll carry no stick . . . just a grudge.

■ **Zero-Sum Overtime:** Remember that this game ain't figure skating. Play it rough, and for real. Teams that win in sudden-death overtime should earn three points, deducting the extra one directly from the losers' standings, leaving them at minus-one for the night. Maybe this zero-sum game will encourage teams to actually play for the win, and not settle for the namby-pamby tie, for a change.

■ **Goalie Taunts:** Every time a puck inches across a goal line, no matter how cheap, how dumb-lucky the scoring play, shooters erupt into frenzied celebrations of ritual dances, group gropes or seated stick rides. Yet should a goalie even wink after an impossibly acrobatic save (as Patrick Roy did so slyly during the 1993 Stanley Cup finals), he's labelled a hot dog. Pour on that mustard! Hockey's masked men should taunt foes and tick off shooters with every glove grab or pad stack. That will lead to more shots, a snowball effect of more saves and more goals, and ultimately a more exciting game. So . . .

Forget about going for the gold: go for the throat, instead.

Andy Nulman is an author, public speaker, businessman and former CEO of Montreal's Just for Laughs Comedy Festival. Most importantly, he is a goalie who regularly taunts shooters.

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